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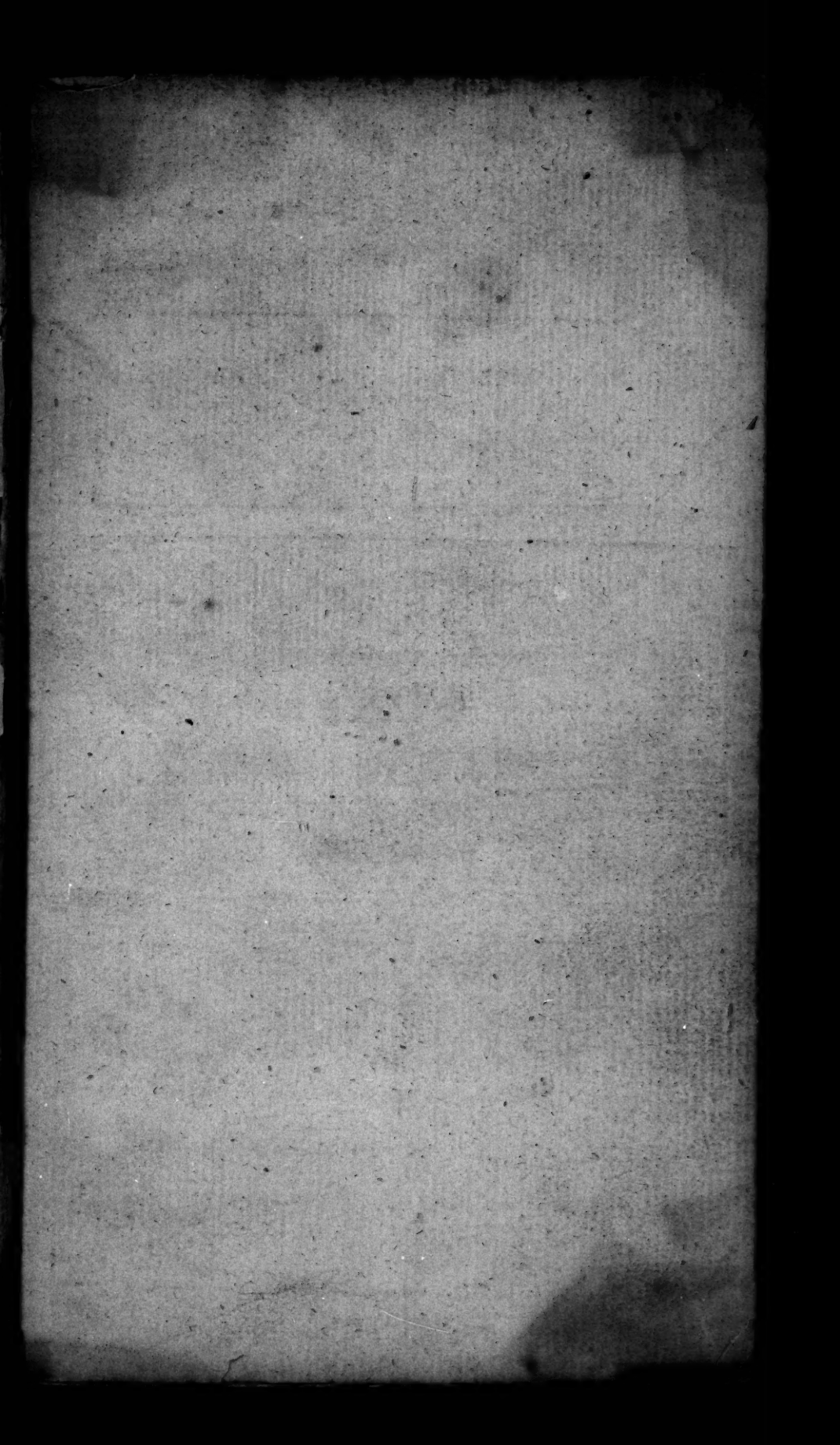
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K— / Sir W— L— ,
YOUNG HOCUS,

O R

The History of John Bull,

DURING THE YEARS 1783, 1784, 1785,
1786, 1787, 1788, 1789.

A N O V E L.

By Sir W— L— , K— .

With NOTES, CRITICAL and EXPLANATORY, by th^e
following Persons:

• DUKES.	C-m-d-n,	J. R-b-nf-n,
Gl--c-ft-r,	W-nch-lf--,	P. L- M-fur--r,
D-rf-t,	H--d.	J. B-rr--,
Gr-ft-n,	BISHOP.	H. B--f-y,
L--ds, . . .	Dr. Pr-ttym-n.	G. R-f--,
R-chn--nd,	BARONETS.	J. M'-N-m-r--,
Ath-l.	J. M-ll-r,	J. W-lk--s,
MARQUISES.	J. M-wb-y,	G. P-tt,
B-ck-ngh-m,	W. H-w--,	A. Add-ngt-n,
L-ndfd-w-n--.	R. P. Ard-n,	J. P-tt,
LORDS.	G. P. T-rn-r.	C. L-n-x,
Ch-ft-rf-l-d,	KNIGHTS.	J. D-rnf-rd,
M-ra-ngt-n,	W. Ch-mb-rs,	J. B-t-s.
W-ftm-r-l-nd,	W. L-w-s,	LADIES.
F. C-mpb-ll,	If--c H--rd--.	S-l-fb-ry,
Gr-fv-n-r,	ESQUIRES.	W-ll-ce,
S-dn-y,	H. D-nd-s,	Mrs. P--zz--,
Th-rl-w,	W. Gr-nv-ll--,	Mad. Schw-ll-nb-r--,
H-wk-fb-ry,	B. W-tf-n,	Mrs. N-fb-tt,
G-ll-w-y,	J. Sc-tt,	GENTLEMEN.
B-lgr-v--,	J. Ch-rch-ll,	Mr. C-p-l, chcf-mong.
H-w--,	J. H. T--k--,	Mr. P--rf-n, door-keep.
M-lgr-v--,	J. R-ll--,	&c. &c. &c. &c.

V O L U M E I.

L O N D O N.

PRINTED for J. BIRD, No. 11, Poppin's-Court, Fleet-Street.



THE EDITOR'S P R E F A C E.

THE following sheets were found, a few weeks ago, near Gray's inn garden wall. Who the *Knight* is, that is mentioned as the *Historiographer* of YOUNG HOCUS and JOHN BULL, or whether these characters be real or fictitious, it becomes not the EDITORS to decide upon, but the Public.

Suffice it to say, that, throughout the whole volume, there appears so much of the *ludicrous*,
(a) and

and seemingly of the *satirical*, that there is little doubt of YOUNG HOCUS having a place in most PRIVATE LIBRARIES of the kingdom, besides pleasing the readers of CIRCULATING LIBRARIES, whom it is particularly calculated to entertain.

The EDITORS conclude, by assuring the Public, that they have faithfully kept to the M. S. without arrogating to themselves the power of altering a single word; and they are only extremely concerned, that the Historiographer's *Dedication* was found thus mutilated; whereas had it been perfect, it would probably have thrown a much greater light on the work itself.

DEDICATION

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DEDICATION,

(By Permission,)

T O

M Y S E L F.

My adored Sir W——,

MINE eye in a fine frenzy roll-
ing upon every great character,
from *Adam's* creation * to King
Charles's

* Counsellor *Al-m* might have been created
a L-rd, by this time, if he had deserted,
like me, his *maister*, Loard Noarth. What fig-
nifies all his sound *abeeletees*? W-ll-m is cer-
tainly an able speaker, but then he *wull* never
speak to the purpose, if he *boos* to any thing but
power. By G—— I am determined never to

(a 2)

believe

Charles's restoration, and from thence to *William's* revolution, down to the late change in the *French* constitution, nay, even unto the last *artillery evolution*, I can perceive no one man so completely great as *myself*.

It is true, that *Cato* as well as *Cain*, were great men, but did they know any thing of *artillery*? † Though *Nero* burnt

believe a syllable uttered from the opposition bench, if even *Bully P-tt* himself sat there.

H. D-ND-S.

† I cannot help making here a note upon my own text, in wishing to *die* the glorious death of *Kinnon*, the *cannonier*, a bold Welchman, who, in the year 1615, so overheated himself, by dressing a dinner for the Prince of Wales, in the *artillery ground*, that what between *dressing*, *drinking*, and *eating*, he dropped down dead; and thus gloriously fell, as every citizen should do, in the service of his Prince, with a full belly!

W. L—S.

burnt Rome, was he not entirely ignorant of *bomb-shells*? From the time of *Calisthenes* to *Alcibiades*, did ever any Grecian of them all know how to throw any other shells than PURFLEET *oyster-shells* at the ostracism? Did ever *Mark Anthony* fire a musket, or *Julius Cæsar* a cannon? Did *Pontius Pilate* ever prime a pistol, or *Cæcilius* a carronade? Admiral *Scipio* might have thrown a stink-pot, but did he ever throw a chain-shot?

Dr. *Add-ngt-n*, as well as my old acquaintances, Drs. *Rock*, *Kulick*, *Henry*, and *Leake*, indeed, were but of one opinion respecting the certainty of the Greeks and Romans being acquainted with *fire-ships*; nay, in this opinion they are supported by the worthy Bishop of L——n, who tells me that not only these profane ancients knew the use of fire-ships long before the destruction of the *Spanish Armada*, but that his late most sacred *anti-christian*

(a 3)

christian majesty, David king of Israel, laments, in one of his excellent poems, that he had been very much burnt in the *midships*, by the fireships of his own nation, though they knew nothing of artillery.

Mr. Alderman *Solon* was as great a man in Athens, as Mr. Alderman *Skinner* is in London. *Solon*, it must be admitted, was a very rich trader; though I do not know what Company he belonged to. In Athens he had his compting-houses, and his cranes, his desks, and his drays, as well as *Whitbread* the brewer; but then, alas! poor gentleman, although he understood how to make city improvements much better, I believe, than *Pickett*, yet he, nor no one ancient whatever, knew any other mortar than a battering ram, which was a sort of Welch goat, I am told.

Then as none of them knew a trigger from a touch-hole, or a match from

from a matross, why the D — I should I, in candour, allow any of them to have been equal to myself, in point of merit.

Nay, do any of the modern aldermen know half as much as myself about the use of the mortar, excepting alderman *B-rn-ll*, indeed; but even *his mortar*, is it not of a very different mould from mine? Or do the modern aldermen know any thing about city affairs, half as well as myself? Can any of them tell me where the *lime-kiln* now lies, from which the ward of *Lime-street* derived its name? Do any of them know, unless *W-lk-s*, that there was at one time *eleven thousand* virgins in this very ward, at *St. Mary-axe-church*? I am sure this shews that London was more populous of old than now; for may I never swallow a bit of roasted cheese more, if I believe that there are one thousand virgins in all the ward

ward at present, who are arrived at the years of discretion!

But, to continue my city knowledge, I say, that Henry III. made perry from his orchard on Tower-hill, though B---f-y † swears that it was only vinegar. I say, that the great Earl of Warwick ordered *six oxen* for his *breakfast* every day, at his house in Warwick-lane, now *Doctor's-hall*, though deputy *Thorp*, who is since *gone home*, would never swallow it. Do

† I agree in opinion with B---f-y, in thinking it only vinegar, as none but crab-apples, I am informed, grew there. In those days, I cannot help remarking, that the wine-merchants knew the art of *mixing* but very badly; at least in Hen. VI. time, a religious man, like myself, the Lombards so bunglingly corrupted their sweet wines, that the Lord Mayor commanded all the butts to be opened, and set running in the streets. His name was *Rainwell*, surnamed, no doubt, from his Lordship's making the kennels flow with wine. But, blessed be Jehovah Jireh, we know our trade now much better! G—d be praised!

J. D-NF-D.

Do *Sam. Birch*, *Cock-a-doodle But-*
ler, or any others of the cooks
company, know that *Wolsey's* master-
cook wore always a gold chain about
his neck, and was dressed in sattin
and velvet? Does *P-p-p-r Ard-n* know
that the borough church of *St.*
George should belong to him, as
his ancestor, *T-m Ard-n*, gave it
foolishly away to the *Bermondsey*
monks? Does *Sir Richard H-ll* know,
that all the old stones in *Moorfields*
ought to be his property, as his
ancestor, the taylor, *Sir R-wl-nd*
Hill, who was Lord Mayor in 1550,
expended great sums in paving the
streets? Does *W-ll--m P-lt-n-y* know,
that he has a college of his own,
neither in *Oxford* nor in *Aberdeen*,
but in *Candlewick-ward*, as his an-
cestor, by the *wife's side*, *Sir John*
Poultney, built one there? Does
J-ck W-lk-s know, that the *orphan*
chest was touched for 2000 marks
about 700 years ago, by one *Bamme*,
a goldsmith, when he was Lord
Mayor?

Mayor? Does E—l F-tzw-ll--m know, that his ancestor, Sir William Fitzwilliam, was alderman of Bread-street ward, and signally rewarded by Harry VIII. for his hospitality to his old master, Cardinal Wolsey? § As Lingo says in the tragedy, nobody

§ The Earl's family have been always noted for their liberality, and his Lordship certainly keeps up the generous firm of his noble house. It is very true, that *William Fitzwilliam*, the founder of this family, was alderman of Bread-street ward, in the year 1506. Before his death, he forgave all his debtors, and wrote upon the erased account of each, *Amore Dei remitto!* Cardinal *Wolsey* was undoubtedly the chief means of the worthy alderman acquiring his fortune. After the fall of that great man, Mr. *Fitzwilliam* very hospitably entertained him at his seat, at *M-lt n* in *N-rth-mpt-nsh-r-*, where the present E—l resides. Henry VIII. was so enraged at this, that he sent for him, and said, "Ha, ha!—how comes it, ha!—that you dare entertain a traitor,—ha?" Mr. F-tzw-ll--m modestly answered, "Please your Highness, I did it not from disloyalty, but from gratitude." The angry Monarch here interrupted him by "Ha, ha!" the usual interjections of his rage; Mr. F-tzw-ll--am, with the tear of gratitude in

nobody knows any thing but myself.

Does *Weltje*, with all his taste and skill in entertaining Princes, know that he never had such guests under his accomplished master's roof, as those whom *Picard* of the vintner's company entertained in his own house in the city. Does he know that *Picard* sumptuously dined four Kings at one time, *Edward III.* *John*, the *French* King, *David* the *Scottish* King, and the King of *Cyprus*, besides the *Black Prince*,

in his eye, and the burst of loyalty in his bosom, continued, "From gratitude! as he was my old master, and the means of my greatest fortunes!" Impetuous Harry was so pleased with the answer, that he took him heartily by the hand, and said, "Such gratitude, ha! shall never want a master.—Come into my service, worthy man, and teach my other servants to be grateful, for but few of them have any." He then knighted him on the spot, and swore him in as a Privy Counsellor.

Prince. || There was old city quaffing and guttling!—It was then some comfort to be between two fires, and chased in your toast, when in these days French wines were only four-pence per gallon, and old hock but six-pence! But to proceed.

Does Major *Sc-tt* know that the founder of that very ancient college, of which he is M. A. was King *Belin*, whose ashes were placed in a vessel of *brass* over the gate? which *Br-s Cr-sbi-* conjectures is the cause of the *brazen-faced dialogue* ever since used at *Billingsgate*. Does alderman *Skinner*

|| Without any disparagement to the memory of the *Black Prince*, who certainly lived at the *Black Bell* in *Crooked Lane*, the present *Pr-nc-* of *W-l-s* soars beyond the other in every accomplishment. If *Welshie* never entertained four Kings, has he not entertained four great Princes? The liberal-minded *Orl—ns*! The young Mars, *X-rk-*! The Neptune of England, *Cl-r-nc-*! And the future Alfred of Britain, the polished and acute *Pr-nc- of W-l-s*!

TH RL-W.

Skinn-r know that his ancestor, Tom
 Skinner, was L-rd Mayor of London,
 in 1596, and, like the present Tom,
 liberal and patriotic, though I feel
 no interest in admiring his politics?
 Does any one but L-rd M—ntm—s
 and myself know, that, previous to
 the building of London Bridge, Bat-
 tersea was called *Patricksea*, from
 St. Patrick being at sea there, floating,
 not upon a real rock, but on a *sham-*
rock, as his Lordship suggests; which
 happened before Canute, the Dane,
 turned the course of the Thames, by
 cutting a canal from Redriff to
 Patricksea? Does *Big Ben* know,
 that *Constantine the Great*, who was
 so strong as to carry the whole
 Roman Empire on his *head and*
shoulders, from Rome, to lay it in
 Constantinople, was born in London,
 in Great Carter-lane, and belonged
 the *Paviour's* company? Does Lord
 El—t, P—tt's brother-in-law, know,
 that his fore father, Kit El—t, the
 goldsmith, was warden of London-
 bridge,

bridge, for a twelvemonth, in Henry VII. time?

Who but myself and records remember, when Hen. I. kept lions in Woodstock-park, and Hen. II. his love, Rosamond, in Woodstock-bower; and in town, near *Paul's wharf*, in his *camera Diana*, near Doctor's-commons.—No bad spot for a concubine, surely,——to be concealed in the enemy's camp?

May I be *thrice* buried in *Vintrie-ward*, like *Dick Whittington*, who was made four times Lord Mayor, by his *cat*! May I be obliged to skulk up the Thames, for fear of my life, from the apostle St. Thomas, as *John of Gaunt* and *Henry Percy* * once did, from

* *John of Gaunt* and *Henry Percy*, about the year 1377, fell under the displeasure of the London mob. They were eating *oysters* with *John of Ipres*, who lived near St. Thomas Apostle's, in *vintrie ward*, when word was brought that the

from the Savoy mob, and never turned tail, till they came to Kennington palace, near where the rebels, in 1746, were hanged! May I be as timid of losing the *minister's* favour, as Richard *Cœur de Lion* was, at his coronation, fearful of the *incantment* of *women* and *jews*, whom, on that day, he forbade to appear at it, if in the following pages, containing the *memoirs* of YOUNG HOCUS, and *part* of the *secret History* of JOHN BULL, I do not believe every tittle of it, from beginning to end!

Not that I wrote it, because I was
 * a 2 appointed

The mob were searching for them to put them to death. *John of Gaunt* broke his shins in leaping over a form; and both he and *Percy* escaped by water. There was no cowardice in *Gaunt* or *Percy* escaping from an enraged banditti. The *Percies* were always noted for their valour and magnanimity; and that illustrious house never had a better representative than the present D-k-, for bravery, for charity, and every other public and private virtue.

W. H-W-.

appointed *Historiographer* extraordinary to John, or that I wrote it at all.—

[Here the Editors are sorry to miss several pages, and the rest is so mangled, that it is, in some parts, hardly intelligible.]

—From what I have already said, first of the *Grecians*, then of the *Trinobantians*, and lastly of the *Romans*, it is plain, that no man, woman, or child, being so vastly profound as myself, I ought to dedicate this choice portion of *John Bull's*† to no one but

—*A-ckl-and*, like *Aristomenes*,—
both dragged to light by a *Fox*—
like *Aristomenes*, too, *A-ckl-and* let go his

† *Dr. John Bull* lectured on music, at *Gresham-house*, in *Queen Elizabeth's* time.

J—H B-T-S.

his hold, when he found that the passage was too narrow for a narrow mind to hold by. As to the minister's infallibility being denied by Sir J-hn A-br-y, † it is such a political blasphemous impiety, that

Pope P-tt is not entirely a Pope Joan. She was

so says Sir Wm. D-lb-n ; and moreover adds, that when Hen. II. regulated the bagnios by an act, he ordained, among other excellent regulations,

* a 3

tions,

† Sir J-hn A-br-y behaved with much spirit to the m-nister ; and, though I have often supported Mr. P-tt, yet I have always done it as an independent gentleman, who wants no favour from any m-n-ft-r on earth. I opposed P-tt in the R-g-ncy business, and thought that an amiable Pr-nc- was most cruelly treated by the m-n-ft-r, who seems totally to forget himself, and to desert those principles which promoted his popularity. Sir J-hn A-br-y's re-election, I hope, is certain ; at any rate, he shall have my vote and interest in Bucks, as I feel for every gentleman that, like him, may be persecuted by any m-n-ft-r, for following the dictates of his conscience.

GR-G--Y P-G- T-RN-R.

tions, " That no stew-holder (i. e. bagnio-keeper, like *Sterling*, *Weston*, *Kelly*, crooky *Johnston*, &c.) should take more for the woman's chamber than *fourteen pence* in the week,"—

—differ from Sir W—— fourteen pence a week is by far too little now-a-d——
——other *W-st-n* would spit in one's face to offer so small——It would not pay her son for waiting at supper

——a decent B——d-street shoe-maker, all day ———

——Henry adds, in this act, made the 8th of his reign, " That no stew-holder receive a woman of *re-ligion*, or any *man's wife*!"——

D-lb-n fees the improbability of the religious coming now to such a place of worship; but adds, that in these sinful days, it is impossible to prevent the latter; as——

——3dly, says Sir W. D. *Henry* enacted, " That no single woman take money to lie with any man, except she

the lie with him *all night*, until the morrow." If this clause were to be in Sir W's new bill, it would certainly be a great saving to the merchants about 'Change, as at 'Change hours a great deal — is transacted of this nature, — the fruit-shops, the soup-shops, the — can witness that —

— *Palmer's plan*, indeed, by hurrying the merchants to answer their letters before five, has hurt the *day* business much; but there is enough —

— 4thly, Hen. II. enacted, " That —

— — — Mr. *P-tt's* § epitaph, he being a grocer, should be —

Weep

§ Though my name be *P-tt*, I detest the name, and I believe there is scarcely an honest man of the name, but myself. As to my father, *L-d R-v-s*, what can he expect in the other world, after he has extirpated the very church-yard of *Str-tt-r* in Hants, and paved his wine and beer-cellars with the grave-stones! Has he not depopulated the village of *H-ckfi-lt*, like William
of

~~_____~~
~~_____~~
~~_____~~
~~_____~~
 Weep not for him,
 Since he is gone before
 To Heav'n, where grocers
 There are many more.

I have no doubt, but that there are
 several grocers there, as I can bring
 proofs———though their motto be,
 “ God grant Grace,” this does not
 imply, that they are debarred from the
 sweets of———P-tt wants no
 Grace, unless his Grace of N-wc-ftl-
 to *flip off*———the Auditor, a
 snug

of Normandy, to enlarge his park, and driven
 the industrious tenants to the work-house? His
 extreme loyalty to a most benevolent S-v-r--gn
 is well known; but has he not permitted his
 distilling friend, L- F-or-, to pull down, lately, a
 may-pole at H-ckfi-ld, sixty or seventy feet high,
 formerly raised by the now wretched inhabitants,
 on the very day that his present M-j-fty was
 crowned, as a zealous test of their loyalty to a
 worthy Pr-nc-? By G—— it is a shame!

G. P-TT.

— independent for life —

— red ribbons. As to star-gazing, I never gazed with attention at any star, but that of a Knight of the Bath's, as a military man; and, though I know not any thing of Tycho Brahe, yet I well know, that Henry Brahe was a judge in the Tower of London, in Hen. III. reign.

As to antiquities, the only two things which I have that are curious, are, a phial of the very laudanum, which *Roger Mortimer* gave to the Tower gaolers that effected his escape; and a remnant of the identical *sheets* by which *Griffith*, Prince of Wales, slipped from the Tower, and broke his neck. When W-lk-s was in the Bench, I offered him a loan of these for the same purpose; but he begged to be ex- *Geoffrey of Monmouth* says,

— that

— — — — — that *M-n*, the messenger, may be properly compared to Mrs. *Masbam*, in the reign of Queen *Anne*. Did not Mrs. *Masbam*, a simple woman, overturn the politics of Europe? And did not *M-n*, a simple man, the very moment when the *M-r-q--fs* of *R-ck-ngh-m* expired at Wimbledon, by galloping away to town, and informing *L-rd Sh—n*, did he not immediately gallop off to *W-ndsr*, and nail the *Pr-m-rsh-p*? By this means did not *M-nn* overturn the whig interest? Mr. *P-tt* is more obliged to this messenger of *fate*, for his present situation, than he is aware of.* For had not *M-nn* outrun every man

|| The *m-n-ft-r* is, indeed, indebted to *M-n* for his elevation.—I remember the circumstance. — My *L-rd Sh-lb-rn* prevailed upon the *M-r-q--fs* to allow *M-nn*, his confidential messenger, to be the confidential messenger of both. The death was agreed to be kept secret by the party, (as it was for some time expected;) until a great personage had appointed the *D-k-* of *P-rtl-nd* as successor to *R-ck-ngh-m*, and sent for him from Ireland,

man in divulging the death, there
would have been such a strong arrange-
ment of the popular whigs, that

—there would have been no such
thing as —————

—an Epistle from —————

Lord R. *F-tzg-r-ld*,

To L—D H—Y SP-NC-R.

My dear Lord H. as you're now *plenipo*,
You'll beat L-rd M-lm-sb'ry, if you *cut a show*.
To me, I own, it is a plaguy curse,
T'have none but numskull *nunky* * for a nurse;
Yet

Ireland. But M-nn's vigilance getting the start
of all their policy, my L—d snugly leapt into
the saddle. I have not heard whether my L—d
rewarded him, or not, but I believe Tommy,
L—d S-dn-y, has done something for him. Poor
M-nn got into a scrape, on the account of Gov.
W-l's escape from Reading, whom he had in
custody. But surely his early intelligence re-
specting the M-rq--s's *escape* from *this* world,
was a *salvo* for *that*. IS. B-R--.

* If L—d R-b-rt *F-tzg-r-ld* were to consult
his clear-headed classical father-in-law, Mr.
Og-lv-, instead of the D-k- his uncle, it would
tend much more to his improvement as a politi-
cian. I am sorry, however, that the D-k- is
likely to be troubled, by a fellow of the name
of Oldfi--d, respecting some election transactions
at the town of S--f-rd. I thought his Gr-c- had
always been more wary.

B-CK-NGH-M.

Yet you such science from your wet nurse suck,
 Your *frock* and *petticoats* with ease you tuck,
 No boy, I've heard, L-rd H—y e'er excells,
 In handling neat the *rattle* and the *bells*;
 But when you cross to Holland the rough seas,
 Be *nine* times *breech'd* from *navel* to your *knees*;
 As you can read, and, as I'm told, can write,
 Of your *diploma* pray don't make a *kite*!—
 Be *breech'd*, employ no *mantua-maker* now,
 And let your *tutor* be a *good milch cow*! †

R. F.

————— If the minister *trembles* at
 the approach of the GENERAL ELEC-
 TION, he surely will —————
 ——— if I am returned, be —————

My dear Sir W.

Your self-admirer, and

Self-patron,

W. L.

† It is certainly very impolitic in sending boys
 upon embassies. If the m-n-st-r, instead of
 sending A-ckl-nd and L—d H-r —, could have
 prevailed with L-rd H-r—'s uncle, L--d R-b-rt,
 to have been ambassador at the H-g--s, as he is
 skilful as a politician, and well versed in the
 knowledge of European politics, our coun-
 try might reap some benefit from it. As to
 A-ckl-nd, his abilities are really much over-
 rated.

D-V-R.

YOUNG HOCUS;
OR, THE
HISTORY of JOHN BULL.

CHAP. I.

The Occasion of the Quarrel.

I NEED not tell you the great quarrels that have happened in our neighbourhood since the untimely death of John's late wife; * how Mr. Back-
B stairs,

* This is a *skit* on the dissolution of the *auld paurleemint*, which is by no means just; but by *Heevens* it did *dee* an untimely death, as *aw the world weel kens*; for had *Laard* SHELBURNE murdered it as I *tauld* him to do, he *wad hae bin in yit*, and *Baully Putt* not the *meenistur*, but only the *chacker chauncellor*.

H. D-ND-5.

*stairs, § and a young cunning lawyer, got him to prevail with his steward ‡ to give the management of his estate to the latter, to the great disappointment of his opponent farmer Blunt; **
some

§ This is a very improper epithet for the M-rq--fs of B-ck-ngh-m, my brother, who I know went into Buckingham house by the lobby, and through the common passage, up the great stair-case, on a very dark night, after the Pimlico gate was shut, and would have broken his face and his shins too, if he had not been favoured by Mr. J-nk-nf-n with a dark lanthorn made from a model of John the painter's.

W. GR-NV-LL-.

‡ It is clear to my vast comprehension, that this *means a great personage*, whom Heaven long preserve, as he has made me *master of the mi it.*

CH-ST-RF--LD.

* By Blunt the satirical author undoubtedly means Mr. Fox. It is my private opinion that he is a man of strict integrity and unequalled ability; but because he always insists on having *a will of his own*, when in place, he is obnoxious to the private junto, who certainly take every step in their power to wound his reputation in the ear of Majesty. As a proof that I admire Mr. Fox's patriotism

some stick not to say, that Mr. *Backstairs* and the lawyer forged a story about *Blunt's* intending to destroy all JOHN BULL's *sheep-skins and his bees-wax*, § for which they were well paid out of John's purse; but let that be as it will, it is matter of fact that the

B 2 management

triotism and talents, I am determined to support him, *whenever he comes into place*; and upon my word of honor, as I shall never desert Mr. Pitt, *while he holds the reins of government*, it must be apparent to every one that I am no party-man.

F. C—MPB—L.

§ I canna deny but the story we trumped up *aboot* Fox's destroying the charters of *aw* corporative bodies, was a *daumned lee* to humbug my *ain* country-men as *weel* as the English *jack-puddings*, against Fox and my *auld maister*, loard North, who first employed me when my *purse* was empty as my *guttis*, and when his *loardship* gave me *chickens* to eat instead of *crowdy*, and *burgundy* to drink instead of *toppunny*.*

H. D—ND—S.

* This is a Scotch beverage, two English quarts of which were sold for two pence Scots, which is the sixth part of a penny English.

IL-Y. C-MPB-LL.

management of the estate has continued ever since in the person of the young cunning counsellor, Hocus, who outwitted even his own relation ‡ *Backstairs*, as well as the farmer.

§ I was certainly jockeyed by my cousin P-tt out of the premiership, after I had paved the way by *doing all the dirty work*. It is true he made me a M-rq--fs, and re-crowned me in Ireland; but I shall never be satisfied, until I am either made a D-ke, or that in return I jockey him.

B-K-G-M.

C H A P.

C H A P. II.

*Some Account of John Bull's late Wife,
and her Argument.*

YOU know that the late Mrs. Bull was a woman of a very changeable temper ; for some time she was for murdering all John's tenants who resided on the other side of his herring-pond, * because they would not quietly submit to be rack-rented by Mrs. Bull and her steward at pleasure ; as for John he was, in this business, very much hood-winked and cajoled by both.

Mrs. Bull one day said to him, “ For shame husband, how can you have any bowels for those tenants of yours in the West, who live at no expence, and pay you a mere trifle of rent ?

B 3

Do

* And so she might have done with ease, had not a certain person been more fond of *evading* than of *closing* and *conquering*.

W. H—WE

Do they not buy large fat fowls for a penny a-piece, finer than those of Dorking? Do they not gormandize upon turkey for two pence each, larger than those of Norfolk? † And as to turtle, when it is known they get them for nothing, I am sure the city of London, itself, would yield up its charter for such a luxurious privilege only:—Then as to beef and mutton, is it not as plenty there as frogs in the fens? Is not their corn too as wild and as common as the nettles in our ditches? And as for beer, is not the spruce-tree their entire butt, which they can tap in every hedge? And have

† When I used to *bleed* king, corps, and country, on the marauding scheme, I had turkeys for one shilling per dozen, fowl for one farthing a-piece, and every necessary of life in proportion. Because I cleared *a thousand per cent.* by my futtling, and was prudent enough to hoard up a great many thousands, I am, thanks be to my *seat in parliament*, rewarded for my great care of my own fortune, with a pension of 500l. as a trifling addition to it.

B. W—TS—N.

have they not cyder and perry for the trouble of making? Rack them; rack them, John; consent to your steward raising their rents, which they can well bear, and it will enable you to pay your debts, besides keeping a greater number of servants, and decking us both in lace and embroidery."

C H A P. III.

John's Answer.

John Bull. **Y**OU talk like a downright credulous, vain, avaricious, unthinking woman; you are imposed upon by the steward, who is himself imposed upon by his cormorant clerks; I say, remember the fable of the hen with the golden eggs. My tenants in the West are not so rich as you would lead me to imagine. What, though they get turkeys for two pence and turtle for nothing? What if gammons of bacon sprung up there like mushrooms? and if quarters of mutton and sirloins of beef always hung upon their trees like acorns on the oak in August? Supposing besides that the Ohio was claret, the Mississippi Madeira, the St. Lawrence red-port, and every other river there, champagne and burgundy; that every gully-

gully-hole was filled with carp ready stewed in claret, and that in every pond, lake, or rivulet they could take turtle as we can tadpoles, and that those were found as well dressed as at the London tavern, § or at D'Aubigny's, still I say it would be wrong to raise their rents, and particularly in the manner you two want them raised. The maxim of John Bull is, live and let live. If my tenants in the West eat and drink well, who enables me and mine in the East to live sumptuously so much as they do? If their eatables grow as grass, and their drinkables flow as water, pray, Mrs. Bull, in what valleys do their Irish linens grow?

§ D'Aubigny certainly dresses turtle better than any foreigner, and equal to any Englishman. I constantly frequented the house before I was set on by my uncle and Bill to *turn* the D-ke's *side-curl*, and I cannot help owning that it is the best tavern in the street, though I dare not now go there.

C. L—X.

grow? ‡ Have they any fields of English broad-cloths? are the knives and forks of Sheffield the thorns which are found upon their furze-bushes? Do you think their holly and hawthorn hedges are only Birmingham bayonets and muskets? Mrs. Pert hold your tongue, I furnish them with these, and a thousand other articles, for which, to tell you a secret, they pay through the nose; * I am sure that for every ten per cent. profit they have from me they in return give me twenty, || there-

fore

‡ I do not know if the *Irish linens* grow in any of the valleys in *America*, but sure I am that there are many *fields* of them growing about *Newry* and *Belfast*, as the weavers who *cut* them down well know.

M—RN—GT—N.

* When the parliament first endeavoured to make the Americans pay through the nose, I was abusing Mr. H-st-ngs in the East, for forcing the *Indians* to pay through the nose.

J. SC—T.

|| *Cent. per cent.* is nothing to us *apothecaries*, nor to us *chemists*, as I told G-rge R-se one day
in

fore I say to rack-rent them more would be following the fable of the hen and the golden eggs, § and d—n me if I do it knowingly. As for my debts, let them be rubbed off by your own frugality, and by my steward's not going to law with the stewards of the neighbouring estates. You insinuate that my Western extortions would enable me to keep more servants. John Bull, madam Gossip, has too many servants already by half; for do not the one half take all the labour, and the other half take all the pay? Respecting those laces and embroidery you say we would acquire by the rack-rent, know that John has
lace

in my carriage, who is in consequence going to excise us all; so that neither R-se nor P-tt, themselves will be able, hereafter, to take *one dose of arsenick*, to ease their consciences, if they please, without first having a *permit*.

J. CH—RCH—L.

§ By*G—— I wish the *childish* old hen would die soon, that I might touch her golden eggs.

W—STM——L—D,

lace enough, while he has one laced hat remaining to cudgel for at a revel. And as to embroidery, I know no use you have for it; strip off the tinsel of your tongue, Mrs. Chatterbox, and do not pull it out by the hundred yards, one after another, like a ribbon-conjuror, swearing that your glittering tin foil, from Cornwall, § is the real

† The arch rogue of an author cannot surely point at me, by Mrs. Chatterbox, though I have shewn, indeed lately, a great deal of *tinsel* upon my tongue at the *yellow club*. I perceive now that he satirizes Pitt only,——aye, aye, it is him he wounds.

——ἀγχι μοι ταῦτα.

HOMER.

——Hoc habet.

VIRG. ÆN. XII.

A hit! a hit! a palpable hit!

SHAKES.

J. H—NE T—KE.

§ The gentlemen of the opposition have made very free with my name, because the boldness of my eloquence has been a great thorn

real silver of ancient Greece and Rome.

CHAP.

thorn in their side. I am member for D-v-n sh-r-, and not for Cornwall! how the Devil Major S—— could have the impudence to say, that it was I whom the lampooner meant by the tinsel of my Cornish tongue, I cannot conceive. It is clear to me, that it is levelled at Mr. P— whose eloquence, I must acknowledge, is the *opposite* to that of *Pericles*, being *circumlocutory* in language and *concise* in idea, which prevents the imagination from wandering, to be lost or misled amidst the wood and water of fanciful reasoning, or the wide forest of extended and diversified argument. His oratory, excellent young man, is capacious, open, clear, unincumbered, and level as Salisbury plain; instead of the luxuriant parterre, his fancy loves to roam amidst the simply verdant, short, stinty pasturage of the innocent lamb, where, if he crops a flower, it is only that of the naked heath: unless, indeed, when he means to be severe; then, while his imagination strews around his friends the fragrant blossoms of the furze, he never fails to lash his opponents most keenly with its thorns. His fancy scorns to wound with the bold *bolly* of Fox, with the rich flowery *moss-rose* of Burke, or with the odorous *sweet-briar* of Sheridan. Our Heaven-born minister lashes man only with the furze, the thistle, and the nettle of eloquence, while he chews its samphire, its sorrel, and its wormwood, to keep up the acidity of his tongue.

J. R——E.

C H A P. IV.

John's Breeches.

IN this manner did John argue with his former wife, but for many years it was all to no purpose. Like a true woman, she would have her own way. Sometimes, when he would expostulate with her for persisting in rack-renting those tenants without allowing them to appear in her presence, that they might speak in their own behalf; she would tell him to look at the old pair of breeches he had on, which were all worn out between the legs, in running after other men's stewards, * pretending to settle their differences by arbitration, but more generally by law.

C H A P.

* My breeches have been often worn out by running after other mens wives.

G—V—R.

C H A P. V.

The serious Argument between John Bull and his Wife about the old Pair of Breeches, and what was contained therein.

Mrs. Bull. **L**OOK at those, John, which can scarcely hide your natural parts, * are they not almost in tatters, by flying here and there, in adjusting quarrels among those who laugh at your officiousness,

C 2

and

* I had a dispute with my husband, what the scurrilous scribbler could mean by *natural parts*, whether they were in the head, or *elsewhere*. Turning up his curvilinear nose, and snuffing at a white cloud above him, he answered, why my dear Lady M——s, I do not know where the slanderer means they should be ; but you are certain, that for near sixteen years they remained in *my head only*.” With the gratitude of a good wife, I kindly replied, “ Thank Heaven my good L-rd M. that they *condescend* to *descend* at last ! ”

S—L—B—Y.

and make you pay for your folly, by fishing in their troubled waters? You may well hide your right breeches-pocket. Does it not run out at both ends, John? Pray who cut that large hole in the bottom of it, that I have been darning, but one of your former wives whom you was madly in love with, until her death prevented your ruin? That swell, husband, in your left pocket, will not pass upon me for the real ready rhino. What is it, noodle, you have substituted there for your gold but rags?

John Bull. Rags!

Mrs. Bull. Yes, rags! for is it not paper? Then pray what is your Mexico and Peru now, John, but a rag-mill? And, as to your credit, it is only supported by shifts.

John Bull. Peace! shifts!

Mrs. Bull. I say, shifts! Perhaps the very *shifts* of your former wives
are

are now folded up piece-meal in that pocket, as the only current coin you can raise. The water-mark which may be around them is the proof of your poverty, and the black stains they contain an indication of your folly and disgrace. Instead of having gold and silver, that command all mankind, what have you now but paper?

John Bull. And let me tell you, madam minx, that paper is more valuable now-a-days than gold, stronger than steel, and more destructive than ball. These rags, as you call them, were they exchanged for gold, would purchase some of the best estates in the universe. Does not paper bind the strongest powers? And I am certain that every unfortunate client will inform you, that all the artillery of war cannot do a thousandth part of the mischief, which these rags you ridicule do every day; therefore, I say, recommend me to paper, that commands gold and every thing else. Hold your peace, and league not with

the steward and his clerks against my tenants.

Mrs. Bull. Say what you will, husband, paper will be your ruin. You will be driven to rags by those very rags you so much value, unless I save you, by sewing up the hole in your pocket, and filling it with the gold of your Western tenants.

C H A P. VI.

*Of John's Perseverance, and the late
Mrs. Bull's Illness.*

TO particularize the dispute between John and his late wife, about the tenants, would fill volumes; besides, as it is all over now, and John's golden-egg proverb realized, it suffices to mention, that after a long and unsuccessful struggle between Mrs. Bull and the tenants, for she would still have her own way, John not only insisted that she should give over the attempt to rack-rent them, but that they all should enjoy their farms as free of him as he did his own estate. This came like a thunderbolt upon Mrs. Bull; and John's determined perseverance threw her into a consumption. With the utmost reluctance she gave up the point; and she afterwards grew so dangerously ill,

ill, that the steward, by John's desire, was obliged to call in the assistance of Dr. Rectitude, * whose prescriptions soon brought her about again: but the Dr's. death unfortunately happening, she was left in a very disagreeable state.

* Rectitude, I perceive, must certainly be the late Marquis of R—K—G—M, who had some abilities, I own, but was more indebted for his elevation to a concurrent chain of circumstances, such as fortune, good-nature, and liberality, than to his talents. He, by no means, acquired the premiership by such *worthy* and *deserving* means as I did.

L—SD—E.

C H A P.

C H A P. VII.

Of Mr. Trusty.

DURING the violent wrangle between Mrs. Bull and John's tenants over the herring-pond, the steward had employed, as his deputy, one Mr. Trusty, § who was liked by most of them throughout the estate. He was a pleasant sort of a fat man, whose only fault was said to be a too great obsequiousness to the will of the steward; not that Trusty obeyed implicitly his superior, from an interested motive, disregardless otherwise of right and wrong; or that he had

§ Trusty is undoubtedly a very good name for my L—d N—rth, who found me sick in purse, when he supplied me; who found me naked in honours, when he cloathed me; and of which, by the bye, I have just-honor enough left to own, that he, in return, was *sold* by me.

J. R-B-NS-N.

had not the Lord of the soil, John Bull's, true welfare at heart; but somehow or other he was fascinated into the folly of seconding Mrs. Bull's avarice and the steward's harshness. Conscious that John had dipped his estate very deeply, by going to law upon all occasions, and offering to be umpire in every dispute, for which the tenants on the old estate suffered much, by the raising of their rents. Mr. Trusty thought that those on the new estate were more able to pay an additional rent, to reduce the Mortgages, than they really were; therefore he schemed out plans to get money from the old farmers, to procure pitchforks, flails, hoes, pick-axes, spades, shovels, crows, steel-straps, and every other rustic edge-tool, to quell the riot on the new estate, as the farmers there all vowed they would not submit to it, at least, unless they were allowed to *speak* to Mrs. Bull *in person* as well as the other tenants.

C H A P. VIII.

Of Farmer Blunt. §

TH E R E was a great similitude between John Bull and farmer Blunt. When Blunt was but a boy, he was observed to admire and copy John

§ Blunt is surely meant for Mr. F-x. In my opinion, he is gifted with most wonderful abilities, but is too unaccommodating to be managed by the *interior* powers. As to myself, thank my stars! that, in *defiance of all talents*, I have risen to high honours by my prudence, which Mr. F-x should follow: for if I, with no more noddle, I confess, nor *no more oratory*, than *m-j-r Sc-tt* or *P-l le M-f-r-r*, have got to the top of the ladder of my ambition, what might not F-x gain, if he would *lick the dust* of the *back-stairs*, as I have done, in *courtly leading-strings*, and *kiss* the *amiable petticoat* of *all government*. If P-tt had not *prudently* done so too, he would have remained till now in the *upper regions* of *Lincoln's-inn*, buying *mutton-lights* by the *pound*, and *coals* by the *peck*, as he used to do; and no disgrace to him neither.

S-DN-Y.

John in many of his peculiarities. He would walk from Eton to Portsmouth-point, after him, to see a good cudgelling-match. At the dead of night, when John took it once into his head to go to Newmarket, in order to be present at a *snail-race* early in the morning, young Blunt, instead of going to bed, as the other scholars did, posted after him, and was at John's heels, when the snails were a weighing. † At another time, he went with John to Bartlemy-fair, to dine for a penny, upon a sausage, a roll, a mug of beer, and a glass of geneva, price one farthing each. It was, however, remarked that day by John, that, while the boy was feasting, as he did, upon this homely fare, he gave a blind

† I must write to Mr. W--th-rby, the clerk of the course, to be informed what weights were used for the above snail-weighing; as, if I remain ignorant of this, my regulation plan of weights will be very incomplete. I have asked Th-ckn-sse about John Bull, who says he knows him not, but he is sure he is not L-rd A-dl-y.

J. M-LL-R.

blind failor, who was singing "Hearts of Oak" for a scanty subsistence, close by him, a new six-pence, which he got as a keep-fake. John wept and capered for joy, while Blunt blushed, and was much confused as if he had neglected his exercise.

Afterwards he was instructed in putt and cribbage, by John, at Hounslow-fair. At Horn-fair he could prick the garter, and play at all-fours before he was fifteen; and at Ascott-heath he was initiated in the use of the bones, by throwing for a cake of gingerbread, value six-pence, which he won for a halfpenny.

Notwithstanding the youth was fond of those pranks, and many more of John's, yet he by no means neglected his schooling. He was accounted the best classic among his cotemporaries, although he beat them all too at hide-the-horse, chuck-farthing, and leap-frog. His powers of speech were discovered at such an early period, that

D

John

John recommended him very strongly to his wife, who made him one of her servants, when he was scarce out of his teens.

Blunt soon became a great favourite with this Mrs. Bull; so much so, that she undertook nothing of any moment without having his opinion. †

† D—n me if I would not take Ch-rl-s F-x's opinion sooner than any man I know, for he is in many respects a man after my own heart. I do not know if he had been brought up to the law, and enjoyed the Seals as I do, but that he would have been b—ed before he would have cringed to keep them. There is nothing like boldness to keep men in awe; and I could no more manage a certain House without browbeating, than Busby could his scholars. Indeed, when I am there, I always compare myself to the master of Westminster; and therefore whenever I relax in my discipline, by God I shall be sure to decline in my authority; for

Terror, non Amor, me Deum fecit.

That sniveling son of a b—ch, S-r P-pp-r, pleases P-tt much, I know, by boring him always about F-x's gaming; not considering that great minds

minds like his can never be idle, but must have strong incitements to keep them in such exercises as are very agitating and interesting. F-x was no gamester when *in place*, but up at his office by *seven o'clock*, dispatching business; not a snivelling driveller, like S-r P-pp-r, who has no more *spice* in him, than there is in a *ptisicky cock-chaser*, who is no more like a *lawyer*, than an *un-boiled lobster*, and who knows no more of *equity* than my a—— did, when it was overturned in my state coach at Charing-cross. But as to F-x, it is only when he is *out of office*, that he betakes himself to gaming; and by G—— if he were not even more proud than I am, he might have played at *court-cribbage* all his life-time, with *good cribs*, and have always been secure of *holding his Nob*, besides a *flush of diamonds*, as large as *mother H-st-ngs's*.

T—RL—W.

C H A P. IX.

Of Blunt and Trusty's Division.

THE deputy steward, Mr. Trusty, gave a small employment to young Blunt, as one of the bailiffs on the estate of John. It was observed that none knew how to turn it to such advantage as Blunt. * He not

* No one, I have heard a great personage say, could carry a *greater weight or mount higher* on the ladder of *state knowledge* than Mr. F-x. No one is so fit to *draw a plan*, or execute a great national work, a kind of *political Somerset-house* I mean, as that constitutional *architect*. If he is thought sometimes too bold in striding on the summit, he has never stepped so far as other men have done. F-x's bold steps always appeared to me to be *bounded* by the walls of the *constitution*. If he sometimes took an airing upon the *top* of its *ramparts*, as in the India-bill, it was to point out to the people the *weakness* of the *eastern wall*, and how it ought to be *strengthened*. But his *altitude* being shewn to the million, for the purpose of frightening them, by saying that he was up there only to make a *breach* in that *quarter*, they insisted

not only kept his books clear, and gathered in the rents from the tenants with exactness, and without arrogance, or rack-renting them, but he gave the deputy several excellent hints towards the improvement of John's manners, which proved of great service.

But the head steward seeing he was

D 3

a fa-

insisted upon his descending, and hoisted up another in his place. His successor, however, so far from *strengthening* that part, has almost totally *undermined* it; but it is so *artfully* done, that *few common observers* can yet perceive it, though our *enemies* in the *east* creep in and out, as they please, in open day; and as to the *West part* of the wall, he has now made an *open breach* there, to let in a *foreign staff-officer*, and his *numerous army*, one *General Excise*, whom he makes the good-natured blind people believe, will save them from ruin, although all those whom *they are already quartered on*, cry out that he and his army are *locusts*, *ating them up alive*. I declare that these are my sentiments. I hate all party but the *king's*, as he has been very good to me. My *accounts*, thank *somebody*, are all *passed*, and I hope the *chapel* at *Windsor* will soon be finished in the most *splendid Gothic style*, from a *fund* which nobody but *myself* and *one* more knows of. *I am a true Swiss.*

W. CH-MB-RS.

a favourite with Mrs. Bull and her husband, which did not altogether agree with his views, † he ordered the deputy to displace him : this created an animosity between Trusty and Blunt, which lasted for a long time, to the no small injury of John's affairs. It seems Blunt's anger arose from a supposition, that it was entirely through Trusty he was deprived of the Bailiffship ; ‡ whereas it is long since

† It was by *my* machination and those of *another* that he was turned out ; though *N-rth* had the *whole blame* of it.

H-WK-SB-RY.

‡ I see not any propriety in the otherwise humorous author calling F-x's office a bailiffship. My brother is a *Baillie in Guernsey*, but then his baillieship is a sort of ruling alderman or governor of the island. He is a *steady enemy to smuggling, as I am* ; for if I had ever known a man that had got a great fortune by cockets and drawbacks, on sending *India* goods to *Guernsey*, and then *smuggling* them *back to Britain*, while when he obtained the drawback, he swore that they were for foreign parts, and never to return here, by H——ns I would expose the knave, and

since known that nothing was more erroneous. It was solely from the caprice of the steward, who took a dislike to Blunt, because, in every conversation, he, *too officiously* perhaps, put him in mind of the *interest* and *dignity* of JOHN BULL, whose servant he always told the steward he was; and warned him not to let any of *his own gimcracks* hurt the estate of HIS MASTER.

This wholesome counsel served only to impede his rising in the office, as the steward, being born in the mansion-house of John, had considerably the ear of his master. Not that he could make him believe that the swans

D 4

upon

and have him *exalted* like *M-rk L-ne Atk-ns-n*!
As to me, well may I exclaim,

Per mare, per terras, per cœli numina juro,
Nunquam auxi loculum subdolæ fraude Regis.

I swear by sea, and sky, and Guernsey hill,
I ne'er my pockets did by drawbacks fill.

P-L L- M-S-R-R.

upon the Thames were black, or that many of his *upper clerks* walked upon their heads, because they had able supporters in their *horns*. But John had a confidence in the steward, as he had entailed the office upon him and his heirs for ever and ever ; and therefore could never imagine that he would suffer himself to be duped by his domestics, when it was clearly detrimental to his own income as well as John's rent-roll.

C H A P. - X.

How Blunt accused Trusty, and Trusty, peradventure, accused Blunt.

BLUNT being no longer bailiff, became very watchful of Trusty's conduct. If the steward wanted to get a little money from John, to carry on some of his projects, and ordered Trusty to apply him, through the medium of Mrs. Bull, young Blunt was always sure to oppose him. Having a *respect* for the STEWARD, but *such a love* for JOHN as almost approached idolatry, Blunt was constantly exposing the intrigue between Mrs. Bull and him, nay not without blaming the deputy too, for being the obedient go-between in their amours and schemes to impoverish unsuspecting John.

Mrs. Bull, however, like most wives that are capable of conducting their intrigues

intrigues with secrecy, had for a long time the art of managing John, and overturning all Blunt's arguments. It was not by the strong manly influence of sound reasoning that she defeated Blunt, but by the more powerful female oratory of sighs, tears, embraces, and hysterics, not unmingled, sometimes, with execrations. Logic and truth gave way to her tears, so much did John love her, though he loved her not with half the ardour that he does his present wife, † as she can, not only

† To me it appears very wise in the English nation, that they should entertain a greater veneration for this parliament than the last. For did not the last parliament pursue the most sanguinary measures respecting America, while they had the prospect of raising a shilling? As to the peace, therefore, that ensued, it was only compulsory. But was it not the *last parliament* that gave birth to the *accursed, infamous, abandoned, damnable, destructive, diabolical, unprincipled, unprofitable, unwise, unjust, unnatural COALITION*? I call it *unnatural*, because F-X my *nephew*, would *not* agree to my being *Premier*; I call it *unjust*, for the *same reason*; I call it *unwise, unprofitable, and unprincipled*, for the same reason; and I call it *diabolical, destructive, damnable, abandoned,*

only set all logic at defiance, which may be poured into John's ear by her enemies, but she can even defy arithmetic

abandoned, infamous, and accursed, because that this *accursed*, &c. COALITION would not make me FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY. That parliament, besides, was loth to throw out my nephew's infamous *India bill*, which appeared infamous to me, for no other reason, than that I was not FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY. I say, then, that this parliament ought to be revered by *Englishmen* because its *majorities* are secured by *Indians*, to render the Heaven-born minister absolute by their *wealth*, that he may *excise* every article of *life*, and *death* too; excepting all *pistols* but *L--d R--d-n's*, and that there may be, by this means, no *jury in future*, but *revenue officers*, on any occasion whatever; unless, indeed, in *trespasses* between man and man, and in *matters of life and death*, when I would have my *military artizans* to sit in rotation in the *King's bench*, in the *Common-pleas*, and in the *Exchequer*. This would be a great *saving of time* to the *citizens*, and some *recompence* for *excising* every article, even the very *air* they breathe, which should be *gauged*, and *proved* by the *hydrometer*. All this, and much more, ought to be done, to irritate and *punish* the *accursed*, *infamous*, &c. COALITION, who would not make me, as I said before, FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY!

R-CHM-ND.

metic itself; † two and two, she has been heard to say, is not four, but six, and John did not altogether misbelieve it.

Blunt's difference in opinion from Mrs. Bull, the steward, and his deputy, however, was real, not feigned. He was always an enemy to rack-renting John's Western tenants; || and many

† This, I suppose, must allude to the *arithmetical* difference between my cousin, Mr. *P-tt*, and Mr. *Sh-r-d-n*, respecting the *state of the revenue*. It is *certain* that *Sh-r-d-n* was in the *right*, and so *conscious* were we both, of being in the *wrong*, that we *put off* the evil day of *enquiry* for some time, from a needless fear, I own; as I know, that should my *cousin* tell the *house* that, if *two* and *two* be *subtracted* from *ten*, there will remain *fourteen*, they would give it in his favour. So I *bothered* them with a *long speech* that must have been *incomprehensible* to every one, but *Clementson* the *deputy serjeant*; but which the majority *comprehended very well*, and *decided on accordingly*.

W. GR-NV-LL-.

|| It is highly necessary to *rack* one's tenants. As the inhabitants about Vauxhall know that this

many wordy bickerings happened between Trusty and him on that account, in the presence of Mrs. Bull, who was sure to side with the steward, and persuade her husband so to do, for many years, until Blunt at length convinced John, that certain ruin stared him in the face. This so enraged him against Mrs. Bull, that he endeavoured to divorce her, which threw her into the before-mentioned consumption, that soon terminated in her death.

this is my opinion, I need say no more upon the subject, as it would be a great *bore* to them if I added a word, though it were even in a *pig's whisper*.

J. M-WB-Y.

C H A P. XI.

John's blindness.

WHEN Blunt had persuaded John to put a stop to the misconduct of his steward, and remove his deputy, things went on very well, until the death of Dr. Rectitude, as before-mentioned.

It unluckily happened, however, that, although John doated upon Blunt to distraction, and was much obliged to him for his late salutary assistance, he still placed such a blind confidence in his steward, that he ordered him to provide another Dr. for his b—ch of a wife.—These were his words,—and make him his deputy besides.

C H A P. XII.

Of Dr. Slyboots.

ON John's estate lived one Dr. Slyboots*. He had been employed before, by the steward, in the service of his master, but displayed, along with some cleverness, much cunning in the tricks of dissembling and over-reaching. Blunt's rough frankness, and naked integrity, could never incorporate with Slyboots' masked policy. In violation of his word, he waited upon the steward, on the death of Rectitude, when he solicited and obtained the post of pulse-feeler to

E 2

Mrs.

* This satire, levelled at my L--d M-rq--fs L-ndsd-won-, is totally untrue, and therefore unjust. I could prove it by some *thousands* of *irrefutable arguments*, which *he laid down*, while in office, to *convince* me, and to fix my opinion for ever.

J. B-RR-.

Mrs. Bull, besides the lucrative office of the steward's deputy.

Blunt was so much displeased at this duplicity of Slyboots, who pledged his honour, that if Rectitude died, † Faultless should succeed him, that he frankly told Mrs. Bull, he could neither serve her nor her husband, if Slyboots gathered

† If the whole dictionary were searched, there could not be found a better nominal figure in it to depict the D-k- of P-til-nd than *Faultless*, I confess it. 'Tis not because I serve my S-v--r--gn along with Mr. P-tt, that I am to fashion myself according to his prejudices. True honour is as superior to disguise, as it is to meanness. I speak as a gentleman, when I confess, that I know not one in his M-j-ft-'s dominions equal to his Gr-c-, in possessing those qualities that attach man to man, and promote general benevolence. There is a peculiarity in his affability that fascinates and endears. His dignity is without pomp, and his urbanity without ostentation. The approaches to his heart are easy, though his perceptions are acute; and his confidence is generous and secure. I could write much more, and never be tired of writing on such a subject. But to conclude,—He was *born* to be a LEADER; because his virtues are of that nature, as to attract and concenter talents,

gathered in the rents : And he resigned his clerkship accordingly. §

John, to be sure, was greatly vexed at this sudden step of Blunt, nor was Mrs.

lents, without diminishing their lustre. Besides, *nil ibi plebeium*. Had we such a man among us as his Grace, to force our involuntary, but selfish union into an harmonious concord, I am convinced, that our situations would be more stable, and our popularity more durable than I, in my conscience, can think it really merits.

L—DS.

§ When the M—rq—fs of R—ck—ngh—m was thought to be in danger, it was said to be stipulated, among the other branches of his administration, that the D—ke of P—rtl—nd should succeed him. L—d Sh—lb—rne, as one of the secretaries of state, at that time, agreed to the succession :—But no sooner was the breath out of the M—rq—fs's body, than the noble L—d *posted* to *Windsor*, and, in defiance of all honour, solicited and obtained the M—rq—fs's situation. The resignations that immediately followed, caused much sorrow and animadversion. It was *then* that an assemblage was *raked* together, from the *dregs* of all parties, of the *artful*, the *unable*, and the *vile*, being selected by *dishonour*, in the moment of its *necessity*. This *mass* of *craft*, when
it

Mrs. Bull altogether pleased, that he should withdraw his services, or that Slyboots should be forced upon her by the steward, as her physician.

By Rectitude's medicines, Mrs. Bull had recovered very fast, not only from her malady, as was related before, but from her erroneous opinions respecting the rack-renting of John's Western tenants.

Not all the weighty arguments of the steward, which || *Ratcatch* used at second

it had *fermented*, threw off its HEAD, as the *refuse*; and, after some few more dregs were thrown in, it produced a *soporific spirit*, called ADMINISTRATION, which, from being rendered palatable at first, like some of my best *liqueurs*, has, for some years caused a general intoxication; although it corrodes like *aqua-fortis*, and turns as *sour* upon the stomach as my own vinegar.

H. B-A-F-Y.

|| *F-ck R-b-nf-n* was once what I am now, the chief crimp of St. Stephens. But I can decoy a member with as much skill as ever he could do in his life. There is not a man among them whose

second hand, could prevail with her any longer to beat them, either with flail, hoe, pitchfork, spade, pickaxe, shovel, crow, or any other weapon; but the new deputy, Slyboots, was ordered to let the tenants do as they pleased, without any further molestation. In the execution of this order, however, he was suspected of such a predilection for the interest of * Baboon, who had, in an unherhand
 E 4 manner,

whose *propensities*, whose *wants*, whose *wishes*, and whose *influencing connections* I am not minutely acquainted with. In my way, I know as well as any of the *Charing-cross crimps*, when to ply, how to ply, how to enlist, and how to secure. I never lost a man in my life that I once crimped, and that is more than any of those crimps can say:—I had forgot,—during the *Regency business* I lost one or two, who thought we used the PR-NCE ill, but we did not much miss them.

G. R-S-.

* *Arbuthnot* meant this as the *Fr-nch M-n-rch*. When I first went to Paris, in my diplomatique capacity, I enquired into the truth of this report, and I have every reason to believe it false, because I could not find out whether the report was false
 or

manner, prevented a compromise between John and his tenants, as waxed him to much anger.

Mrs. Bull, likewise, being persuaded by Trusty, who had now shook hands with Blunt, of the best advantages which Baboon had obtained through Slyboots's means, both the husband and wife insisted on his being turned out immediately, which was accordingly done, to the no small mortification of the steward, who regarded Slyboots, because, in their youthful days, they used to play at push-pin, with the girls, and at hockey, and hole the button, with the boys.

C H A P.

or *not* ! As to Paris, I want no more *innings* there ; for, being afraid they would have made a *cricket-ball* of my body, I *bowled* out as soon as possible : and I swear by my guardian angel, (which is *B-cc-lli*,) that no inducement shall inveigle me to fix a *wicket* there, till the rebellious blast has a little subsided.

D-RS-T.

C H A P. XIII.

A Parenthesis.

THE steward was so much hurt at the stubbornness of Mrs. Bull, that he yielded scarce any thing else but eye-water for six weeks together. Sometimes nothing would serve him, but he would go over one of John's herring-ponds, in a wherry, to a small cottage and turnip-garden he had on the other side, * and leave the management to Bull and his furious, changeable, unaccountable wife. At other times, he would coax and reason with Mrs. Bull, and beg her to consider, that by turning out Slyboots, all her husband's affairs were at a dead stand: But she only laughed at this, which made him look very glum and black.

C H A P.

* If it had not been for *my* persuasions, by G—d he would have paid a visit to Germany then, until I put him in mind, that there was once such a *cross-ridden fool* as James the II.

TH-RL-W.

C H A P. XIV.

A Parenthesis within a Parenthesis.

AT the beginning of this wrangle, in which John took a very considerable part, Slyboots, one evening, waited upon the steward, with a tall youth in his hand, whose figure and aspect appeared fair as a new-kindled rush-light. He called him *Hocus*. He was not that *Hocus Pocus* of perfection, whose legerdemain tricks have so often astonished and deceived John at a table, by a sharper, or at a show, by a shuffler; although *Slyboots* has since declared, that he was always *sharp* enough to *cut a knave*, with *his friend*; and *Backstairs* has *whispered*, that he has been sometimes known to *shuffle successfully* with a *relation*.*

—But

* We do solemnly affirm, upon our honour, that the former of us was *gulled*, and the latter *jockeyed*.

—But more of this in due time and place.

Hocus, however, was so strongly recommended by Slyboots to the steward, as a young man that could administer to Mrs. Bull such laxatives as would soften her nature, that he was immediately ordered to attend her, in quality of apothecary, until a regular physician was appointed; although jallup dropped from his lips, and manna, —salts and manna, I mean,— from his tongue: although his cheeks and nose formed a complete clyster-pipe, † which he repeatedly applied to

jockeyed most unfairly out of the reins, by a *pupil* of the one, and a *cousin* of the other.

L-NDSD-WN-.

B-CK-NGH-M.

† I can by no means imagine Mr. P-tt's cheeks and nose form a *complete clyster-pipe*, his *cheeks* being too *thick* and *spongy*, like the *aloe leaf*, of which *Anderson's purgative pills* are made, and his *nose* is by far *too short*. I think the application

to Mrs. Bull's posteriors for forty days successively,—yet still the old lady's tough humours remained as astringent as ever.

As John Bull could not bear to see his wife quacked with any longer, though he did not much care for her neither, he insisted on the steward's allowing her a physician of her own appointing. She accordingly fixed on his old deputy, Trusty, who fixed upon Blunt, who fixed upon Faultless.

tion would suit *G—rge R—se*, or my *L—d H—d* much better; as their *faces* are undoubtedly, when their mouths are full, more like complete clyster-pipes, than that of human beings.

J. CH-RCH-LL.

C H A P. XV.

Of Trusty and Blunt's shaking Hands.

IT is well known, that John Bull gains little or no satisfaction from the shaking of hands after a fight; but as to the union of fists before a fight, it affords him much pleasure. It often makes him leap for joy, and rub his own greasy palms together, in rapture. Thus John was by no means so well satisfied at Blunt and Trusty's reconciliation, as at their quarrel. As a feeder sometimes strokes his cock at the onset of a battle to spur him on with vigor, so John has been known to do alternately with Blunt and Trusty. "See what a dowse in the jaw, Blunt, you have given to Trusty, why he is struck speechless!" John has said. Then he would run across the room to Trusty, and clapping his back, whisper, "Now, my old stager, if you can knock his teeth down his throat, to stifle his words,

F and

- and wind him by a dig in the bread-basket, you will have the best of the battle."

As John's delight was in those bickerings ; and as these his two favorites were to be kept in hot water, for his amusement, as well as advantage, when they put a period to their hostilities, John marvelled much ; as he said his affairs could no more be carried on without Trusty's breathing against Blunt, and Blunt against Trusty, than a windmill could turn round, if the blast was not always driving full plump in its teeth a strong knock-me-down blow.

C H A P. XVI.

*John and his wife quarrel about the
Shaking of Hands.*

NEVER was man in a greater fury than John Bull, because Blunt and Trusty had become friends. He abused them in every pot ale-house, as fellows that could not fight, but when they were in a downright passion at one another. He d—nned them for bruisers that had no bottom, or if they had, they fought only to take the knowing ones in. With as great propriety, exclaimed John, might every honest man and his wife be always on the same side, as well as Blunt and Trusty; and don't we all know that there would be no true love in matrimony, if there were not a strong opposition? Nay, he even went so far as charging them with

F 2

crossing,

crossing, and that they had agreed to divide the door-money.*

John,

* On seeing this at a certain member's house who owes me some money, which he borrowed to take him out of town, I was in a d—nned passion; and I am in a d—nned rage now, when I write this. As I am door-keeper to the HOUSE, no one, by G—, shall ever divide the door-money with me. F-x nor N-rth never divided any of my door-money, but have constantly paid me, in time, my Christmas-box, like gentlemen. I wish some people, who always snuff the air at the top of the door as they pass me, would pay me as early, and as punctually as the Coalition men. Sink me if I don't. I hate to turn the key to some of them, who trouble me so much and pay me so little. I'd as lief turn the key of H—ll. *A prepuce*, as B—f-y says on all occasions, since he got his hair dressed at Paris, for the vinegar-ball at Margate; by G— I hope *black, sow-nosed Th-rnt-n* will not, this winter, bawl so much at the door for his servant. Sink me if I can hear or see for him and his servant; fifty times on a great night does he come out, roaring for his servant; and the greater the night, the more noise he makes. When he drives me to sleep in my chair, by bawling his nonsense in the house, his speechifications will begin to have some effect upon me, that they will. I could scratch down a great deal more, if I had some of B-ll-my's brandy, or B-rl-we's,
Oh!

John, however, was instigated to those fits of abuse by Earwig, † the steward's invisible secretary, and Grumble-

Oh ! if I had blubber-lipped B-rl-we's here, my deputy, whose bottle-nosed mouth is knocked flat as a flounder, by sucking of case-bottles !——

P—RS-N, D—r-k—p-r.

† We of the bed-chamber have been, all along, very justly jealous of H-wk-sb-ry's private visits, muffled up in a Greenland fur cap, and large Russian watch-coat, to a particular house at P-m-l-co gate, or to the R-d-ng-house, or sometimes in at the fly garden-door, to all of which he has keys, while we have none, but a common one of the Gr—n P-rk. If a certain person must have a favorite, it should be nobody else but a L—d of the B-d-ch-mb-r, and not a mushroom L—d as this, who formerly scribbled scandal for one Gr-ff-n, a review-man, up in the one corner of a garret, the other half of which was my father's taylor's shop-board. By the *blude* of *nobility*, he should not be called H-wk-sb-ry, but change his *teetels* with the Irish nobleman, L—d M—ntg-rr-t ; it would be a very proper name for an *auld* scribbler.

G-LL-W-Y.

ble-growl, ‡ his chief lapidary. Indeed, to speak truth, the steward himself bore them no good will, Blunt's attachment to John being greater by far than to the steward, although as a steward he loved him much. As to Trusty, he lost the steward's warm heart,

‡ I vow to my maker, and that is the H—v-n born minister, if this be not an excellent name for bullying Th-rl-w, a fellow who has crept into consequence, by dint of impudence and foul-mouthed language, as my Lady says; a fellow, whose brother the B-sh-p was once a N-rw-ch weaver, and wove himself the very first gown and cassock that he wore, as my Lady says; a fellow, whose sheer-wit smells of the shuttle; a fellow, who brow-beats every one as if he were going to knock them down with his brother's beam; a fellow of brasen-nose, as T-mmy W-rt-on says, who knows Gr-y's line of "Weave the woof," better than any one fellow in England; a fellow, the thread of whose discourse is drawn from a thick N-rw-ch drab; and a fellow, forsooth, that Grumble-growl is a very fit name for; as this fellow of a cur once swore, that I was no more fit to be m-st-r of the r-lls, than C-rt-s the biscuit-baker! Most infamous! as my Lady says.

R. P. ARD-N.

heart, when he would no longer persist in Mrs. Bull's and Earwig's scheme of rack-renting the tenants. Poor Trusty knew not, for many years, that it was Earwig, who bred the maggots in the steward's brain, that misled him to hurt John's tenants on both sides of the her-ring-pond; but he no sooner found it out, than he declared, that it was no fault in him not to have discovered the maggot-breeder sooner; but he should be a fool to himself, and a base man to John, if he remained deputy any longer after knowing it; especially as no one could make the worthy steward believe, that those were maggots, and bred by Ear-wig.

If John railed at Blunt and Trusty, Mrs. Bull, like a good wife, spoke only in their praise. Having changed her mind respecting the tenants, she could not but admire, she said, the forgiving disposition of

these two servants, who were so generous as to forget all their scoldings, for the good of herself and John, when they found the cause of dispute at an end, as in every thing else, except the rack-renting, they were but of one opinion.

C H A P. XVII.

A conversation between John Bull and his wife, about the shaking of hands.

John Bull. I TELL you, Mrs. Crack-brain, never make me believe, that Blunt and Trusty's hands being locked together, like the union fire-office plate, can be for my welfare.

Mrs. Bull. John, John, you feed me with arguments only to confute yourself. Their shaking of hands, indeed, you may compare to that plate; but what is it for, husband? Is it not to shew, that the house is insured against the worst of evils that can befall it? So their shaking of hands, my dear, is an insurance against every evil that can happen to your estate, if, as Trusty now says, your steward can be prevented from Earwig's still misleading him.

John

John Bull, Though the D-v-l himself should mislead the steward, who dare, or can, mislead John Bull? I say, minx, he has a good heart, and so long as I am convinced of that, I'll look sharp after the whirligigs that may be put into his head, and, at least, prevent a real injury, if I cannot cure a lamentable defect. 'Tis true, his ear is very wide and capacious. No report, however monstrous, is too large, at times, for an entrance; nor none so small, or so distant, which cannot sound on his auricular drum, and reverberate to both our disadvantages. As to his swallow, too, I own it is likewise very great. Did not you and his midnight club of ear-wigs make the good man once believe that, like a leviathan, he could swallow all the gall of my Western tenants, when boiling with rage at their rack-renting, as easily as a mess of hot leek porridge, which he has been often known to swallow for a supper? * still,
for

* I cannot help observing that *leek porridge* makes

for all these whimsies, the man has an excellent heart, and d—mn me if he do not always wish me well, although he has more than once used me very foolishly. But, as to Trusty and Blunt, I say again, that, as they abused one another for a long time, even putting me out of the question, they had no right to shake hands ever after.

Mrs. Bull. What a positive, silly, inconsistent man you are, husband! Because they had high words often about your tenants in the West, and, to speak the truth, in their heat of passion took great liberties with one another, were they to continue always such bad christians as never to forgive, shake

makes a very good supper; and I am not ashamed to own that I have often bought a *bundle of leeks* in Fleet-market for such a somniferous meal, and had them dressed in a most savory manner at the Globe, where I have had the honour to eat likewise many a Welch rabbit smothered with mustard, besides English rabbits smothered with onions.

W. L-W-S.

shake hands, and be friends ? I'll only appeal to your own feelings and conduct, my dear. Have not you called me all the polite names that the most fanciful link-boy in London could devise ? And have not I as politely, John, returned them to you, with all the additional graces of Tothill-street, Mill-bank, and Palace-stairs ? * Yet, my dear, because we have christened each other in choler, without the parson, have we been so rancorous, so ungenerous, or unjust to ourselves, as not to forgive and embrace ?

John

* I very well remember that when G—rg—R—f— had four cows driven to me at Norwood to choose two, as he was to send the other two to his wife, that I poured out such a string of polite phrases to him as made not only him the colour of a sunflower with fear, but black M—lgr—v—shake, who was in the next room with my niece, shewing her the probability of his discovering the north-west passage. He trembled as violently at my voice as when he was too near the pole, and tossed up and down in the higher latitudes.

Mrs. N-SB-T.

John Bull. There is, indeed, some truth in that; but—

Mrs Bull. None of your butts to me, husband. If you would forswear all butts, † but your business, it would be better for you and me both. I say, commend me to those that can fight and forgive.

If Blunt was violent against Truf-
ty's

† Beve amo tutte tres! The author should not have condemned *all butts*—Mr. P—zz— says that my butts were unexceptionable—so does Quaker B-cl-y too, who paid me near 140,000l. for these butts—by *one* draught on his own bank. It was the best draught I ever had in my life, notwithstanding, in my time, I have had several draughts of very good brandy.

Now instead of a butt,
I squeeze a catgut!
And all my delight
Is to tipple and write
With P—zz—, my love,
And *his pow'rs above!*

Caro mio ben!

H. L. P—ZZ—.

ty's rack-renting the tenants, was not I as violent as Trusty in opposing him? But, my love, as I am now not ashamed of acknowledging my error, I likewise rejoice in the reconciliation of these two great men, whose difference was free from malice, because rectitude only was the aim of each.

John Bull. So, indeed, I have often thought; and, to whisper you a secret, if it had not been for the steward's earwigs, who have tried to worm themselves into my noddle, I would have been reconciled to them long ago. When they shook hands, I wrote immediately to my friend Sir Roger, † who,

† Sir Roger Bold is by J——s the country *jontleman*. By country *jontleman*, arrah, the scribe most clearly meant men like me, of *rustic respectability*, whose paternal estates were so large and scattered, as to be a sort of *ubiquity*;

who, you know, has always put me to rights. My letter was short and pithy : It was thus.

quity ; and whose families were so old, as even than Adam to have much more *antiquity*, as me and mine are ; though I candidly confess, that I was born without a shirt to my back, or even a shoe to my foot.

J. M CN-M-R.

C H A P. XVIII.

John Bull's Letter, and Sir Roger's Answer.

SIR ROGER,

I AM in a d—mned rage at Trusty and Blunt taking one another by the hands. There is not a drayman in town, but what d—mns it. Hackney-coachmen stop one another in the streets, even while giving the long trot, to d—mn it. All the ale-houses d—mn it. All the gin-shops d—mn it: as well as some of the gospel-shops, * who doubly d—mn it.

* The Reverend Mr. W. was not only *hired* to *d-mn* the *coalition*, out of his itinerant pulpits, but to damn the *election* of *L-rd J-hn T-wnsh-nd*. These are facts which no one knows so well as I do. If we can *knock up* the *liberty* of *all presses* but *our own*, and revive the *good old way* of *pulpit politics*,

it. Those even who cannot read or write, d—mn it. And children, hardly from the breast, are lispingly taught to d—mn it. But, d—mn me, Sir Roger, what is most wonderful of all, my wife does *not* d—mn it! Pray what think you of it? D-mn-t-n!

JOHN BULL.

TO SIR ROGER BOLD,
These.

It

politics, which CROMWELL managed so nicely, every church, chapel, and field will soon ring in praise of our deeds; and nothing can shake us while the clergy continue to lull their flocks to sleep, by singing psalms to our virtues, which I should wish S-r R-ch-rd H-ll to compose, and L-rd Ch-ft-rfi-l'd to set to music, as he has been director at the Pantheon—at least of the carpenters and the lamp-lighters at M-rt-nd-l-'s ball, &c. where, indeed, I would have danced myself, had P-TT, as he promised, pared my ancles, to make good calfs for his own legs.

G—RG- R-S-.

It was not long, my dear, before Sir Roger sent me the following answer :

Friend JOHN,

I admire the integrity of your indignation, but I can by no means approve of the motive which gives rise to it. In matters of moment, John, you are but too apt to be swayed by the tone of the vulgar and illiterate, who are played upon by the artful to make a noise and disturbance. These men, having nothing but their own caprice and interest at heart, sit behind the curtain, (like the organist in your parish-church,) allaying just fears, and arousing chimeras, † according

† I could administer the sacrament to myself with safety, on swearing that the heaven-born m-n-st-r, my pupil, never aroused any *chimera*; nor, by my m-tre, have I ever heard of any since the one which *Bellerophon*, the grandson of *Sisyphus* slew, when he was mounted on *Pegasus*.

PR-TTYM-N.

according to the mode which they choose to play upon the organs of ignorance, credulity, and partiality. Some are blowing the bellows, others composing the dreadful notes of discord, a third managing the stops, a fourth thrumming on the instrument, and a fifth turning over, as the subject requires, the lessons for the day. They are generally about your steward, whom they can often lull, as well as the vulgar, to security in the midst of danger, and fret to anger, in place of softening him to acts of gratitude and propriety.

So far from being enraged at the union of Trusty and Blunt, your true interest, besides your religion, should teach you to rejoice, that their disputes upon a particular point, though sometimes too warm, were void of implacability.

Have not you and I, John, been often at as great variance as these your two servants? But did not the effect

always cease, when the cause was done away? Man is bad enough, John, already; but if he were without forgiveness in his disposition, the world would be like a den of tygers, or even as W-stm-nst-r-h-ll itself.

I can only add, that, although your secret enemies, who cling like leeches to the unsuspecting steward, will be for ever irritating you to continue your hatred to Blunt and Trusty, take an example from the many extraordinary acts of forgiveness of that very steward himself. Numberless almost are the men that he has forgiven, besides Pistol-proof, ‡ that have opposed his stewardship with violence, satirized his abilities, and denied his integrity. Has not the meek forgiving

‡ *Pistol-proof*, I am told, is applied to my uncle, the D-k-, because he is more fond of seeing me fight, than in fighting himself; and who the devil would be *afraid of fighting*, if, as in my case, they were never fired at?

C. L-N-X.

forgivingⁿ steward shook hands even with Swindle-bull, || who has not only often taken you in, John, but abused the steward with every base epithet, and reviled his mother, as a woman not the most continent.

as John, you will certainly If

|| If I have, like the sovereign, drawn my *supplies* at different times from the English nation, I never swindled them; for my services certainly entitled me to them. As to a great personage's countenancing me of late, I am not so vain as to imagine it any thing else than from the teeth outwards. I *formerly* so bespattered him with *scurrility*, and painted *his mother* in such *odious colours* as no gentleman could forgive; though policy might, I dare say, instigate him to *veil* it in a *levee smile* now, as he is no doubt informed that I never more mean to satirize him. As some recompence for what I have done him, I shall, at the next election, sacrifice my seat in parliament on his account; that is, on the account of supporting his m-n-ft-r. If therefore, my obtaining that seat has been a thorn in the side of m-j-fty, I shall have the honour, before I die, of seeing it plucked out myself—I mean by my constituents,—as they are determined to reject a man who, by becoming a tory, they say, has deserted his principles. This, however, is a mistake, as I *never* was a tory, or a *whig*, or any thing else upon principle.

J. W-LK-S.

If forgiveness be an attribute of the Saviour for the imitation of man, I see no reason why Trusty and Blunt should be precluded from that benefit; the more especially as their friendship, with your confidence, will materially serve you, John, as well as

Your Friend,

ROGER BOLD.

C H A P.

C H A P. XIX.

John's Perplexities.

MRS. Bull's comments on Sir Roger's letter, joined to her own arguments in favor of the handshaking, would have made John entirely approve of Blunt and Trusty's late conduct; if the steward, through the instigation of Earwig, did not always create new doubts in his mind, which kept him often between hawk and buzzard. Sometimes John would say to himself, "Trusty was in the right to join with Blunt,—hang me but they are d-mned honest fellows,—men of mettle,—boys of bottom;—many a hard fall had Trusty before he gave in;—and, as the battle was well fought, he was in the right to shake hands, when he could no longer stand up to his man." In the midst of these good natured reveries, the
earwigs

earwigs would creep from the steward's brain, near unto John's, and sometimes tickle and teize him into a contrary opinion. But as they never could make their lodgement good there, his firmness at length got the better of all their buzzings, bitings, and wormings;—and they had no effect upon him, but when he was in liquor; until lately, indeed, when young Hocus has given him such quantities of opium as keeps him in almost a total state of stupefaction.

C H A P. XX.

The Begetting of YOUNG HOCUS.

IN treating of the juvenile hero of this history, many wonderful tints of character will be occasionally remarked, nay the dreams and prodigies that attended his birth will be found so great, the acts of his infancy so surprising, that, although the credibility of history may be shaken in the recital, nothing but truth will be found at the bottom.

About nine months before young Hocus was born, his father came home one morning very early, and instead of eating his accustomed chicken, * he

VOL. I. H ordered

* I very well remember, that my late master always had a *spitful of chickens* at the fire at once,
and

ordered the cook to get him a mess of pease-pudding immediately, and a quart of sweet wort from the small-beer brewer's : With difficulty these were prepared at such an hour, and he gulped down the whole, in a few minutes, with great avidity. The coarseness of the supper to him, who swallowed nothing but pullets done to the moment, and drank chiefly old hock, madeira, claret, or burgundy, astonished

and sometimes not one out of a dozen would please him. His son, William, though still fond of *acids* and *syllabubs*, is a very good *trencher-man*, nor is he *sparing* of the *bottle*, like his opponent F-x. But then William is no gamester. When he was in Lincoln's-Inn, turning lawyer indeed, I have known him play with the attorney's clerk on the same floor, for a *leg of mutton and trimmings*—nay, I remember of late, hearing my *child*, the sp—k-r, say that B-lly *tossed* up with D-nd-s, in a frolick at Wimbledon, for a *rump and dozen* ; and that my L-rd Th-rl-w took up W-ll--m, the conqueror, at *hop, step, and jump* : but then he was no match for my matchless Bil'.

R. ADD-NGT-N.

ed all the servants, and it at length reached his wife's ears, who was ill a-bed, with drinking too much vinegar, supposed to be taken with a view to prevent corpulency.

The steward, as was before hinted, had a small house and turnip-garden t'other side the pond, † of which he was very fond, but John Bull detested it. It seems that old Hocus was a violent stickler against enriching this garden, or entrenching it at the expence of John's family manors; for although it was given partly as a present to him by the steward's predecessors, as the pond and some other mens manors divided it from Bullock-hatch, he not unwisely thought it un-

H 2 worthy

† Dish must be H-n-v-r in Y-rm-ny, caush good turnip grow dere; but good *moneysh* and *shilvers*, and *goolds*, and *shewels*, and *coasbes*, and *dyemins*, and all dat dere grow here, like de turnip dere.

SCHW-LL-NB-RG.

worthy of inclosing, and only allowing it those fences which nature had given it. The three last stewards, however, laboured incessantly with John to keep up the old fence, if he would not agree to new ones. Having gained over the Mrs. Bulls of these days, (for none of his wives live above seven years,) they would sometimes squeeze pick-axes, spades, hoes, &c. out of John, who did not grumble much, until the day of payment came, when he used to have very high words, indeed, with his help-mates, about the great expence of keeping up the cabbage garden fences. If John asked Mrs. Bull or his steward, (which was generally done in a rage,) where the D—l had such a quantity of scythes been sent? To the turnip-garden, my dear, says one. To your beautiful turnip-park, your honour, adds the other: And John bore this enormous fencing, for some time, with a considerable degree of patience; but when he found that he had hardly a spade,
hoe,

hoe, scythe, or pitchfork, that had not gone to the turnip-garden, and that it involved him in quarrels, besides, with the neighbours around there, with whom he had no business, he d—mned the garden, beat his wife, and abused the steward very grossly. Old Hocus always sided with John, in those fits of anger, and he often treated Mrs. Bull with very great rudeness, for leaguings with the steward against her husband, who was now, by old Hocus's insinuations, grown quite outrageous and unmanageable. In one of these paroxysms, John was heard to vociferate, that he would be d—mned, if he would not, at a cheaper rate, secure Goodwin's sands, or the Dogger-bank, by entrenchments, as that unprofitable, expensive, destructive, cursed turnip-garden. ‡

H 3

Now

‡ I really can perceive no great difficulty in forming a line of *circumvallation* around *Goodwin's sands*,

Now old Hocus's violence soon subsided respecting this garden not being fenced; nay he had lately said to the steward, that he had no objection to planting a single quickset hedge there, at John's charge; and, when he called for the pease-pudding, he was just returned from a long conversation

sands, as well as Goodwood. But to throw entrenchments around the Dogger-bank, it reaching from near Yarmouth to the Dutch-coast, I think impossible, unless by act of p-r-l--m-nt, which I confess can do anything, provided I be the engineer. Upon reflection, if my S-v-r--gn will bestow upon me a grant of Goodwin's sands, after recovering them from the sea, I shall entrench and fortify the Dogger-bank, without fee or reward, provided p-l--m-nt defrays the other expences. Julius Cæsar certainly raised walls with stone and mortar, as quick as my gardener could do corse lettuces with coal and horse-dung. His walls round Atuatici and Alexia were, indeed, wonderful; and his shutting up Pompey, by building a wall in Dyrrachium, which reached from sea to sea, plainly shews that he could have entrenched the Dogger-bank in a few months with a couple of legions. Then, if he could do so much, what cannot I atchieve, with two thousand years more experience than that unparalleled man?

R-CHM-ND.

conversation he had with Mrs. Bull, wherein he owned, that a single quick-set would be of no avail, but that the garden must have a double row, besides a deep ditch, and steel-traps, and spring-guns set all around; and that every spade, pitchfork, hoe, &c. in Bullock-hatch, with a great number of hedgers, ditchers, ploughmen, gardeners, &c. must be sent over immediately at the expence of John, and money to keep them in beef, bread, beer, and brandy, for a twelvemonth.

John Bull would have run frantic, when he heard of this treachery, as he called it, of old Hocus, had not he, along with the steward, soon soothed John into a compliance, by informing him that, as he had done something to the fencing of the garden, he must either put a good, bold, and effectual finish to it, or else he would lose it for ever. John, in reply to this, said, that if it were not that his honour, his pride, and his credit
were

were now concerned, the garden might go and be d—mned, (these were his words) and he would therefore let Bullock-hatch run fallow for a twelvemonth rather than neglect the security and cultivation of the turnip-garden.

It was in this moment of flexibility, after sanctioning the above deed with Mrs. Bull, that he came home, ate the pease-pudding, swallowed the sweet wort, and went to bed to Mrs. Hocus, who had swallowed the vinegar; and in nine months from that night, she was delivered of young § Hocus.

On

§ I never before heard that my *master*, the minister, was begotten on the very night on which his father espoused the support of H-n-v-r, G-r-m-n troops, and G-r-m-n alliances, and, by that means, *deserted his principles, and turned his coat*. I do not think that *I got any child* on the night when *I deserted my principles by turning my coat*. "*My poverty, but not my will consented.*" But I did not turn my coat, till the recovery was *apparent*;

On the memorable pease-pudding morning, after old Hocus got up, — I mean out of bed, — his wife had the following dream :

rent ; and if I had not then turned it, I should not now have had a coat to turn !

G-----R.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXI.

Of Mrs. Hocus's Dream.

SCARCE had old Hocus risen from wishing his wife good morning, in the affectionate manner that all *dutiful* husbands do, when she dreamed that she was in labour with the *monument* ! * Waking in a dreadful

* I could draw a very fine simile from *Herodotus*, by comparing the *dowager's dream*, in being with *child* of the *monument*, to that historian's dream of *Astyages*, when, in his sleep, he saw a *wine* spring from the *womb* of his only daughter, the *branches* of which would *overshadow all Asia*. I declare that had I not been *sneered* at in the *House*, through envy, for my *Greek quotations*, I would either have spoken it there *at full*, from the *Greek of Herodotus*, or I and my *tutor* would have translated it as an *oration* for the benefit of the *yellow club*. I would have then drawn such a *parallel*, to the *club*, between *that vine* and the *Hampton-court vine*, which is *thirty yards long* ! and then I would have *lugged* in such another *parallel*

ful fright, as all ladies who have been mothers, and all those who have not, may suppose, at the conception of such a huge thing as a Corinthian pillar of two hundred feet in length; cards were sent round to all the gossips in the neighbourhood, in order to have their different divinations of this huge stone, which Mrs. Hocus dreamed was in her womb.

The curiosity of females is such, that many of them came instantly to her,

parallel between Assyages' vine, and the dowager's monument, as would have been without the least parallel in history or in oratory, either for simile or for metaphor! In the midst of those unparalleled parallels, while drinking Willis's wine, which, like D'Aubigny's, is divine, and expounding to my yellow audience those dreams about the monument and the vine, I should not forget draw in Vine-street, Piccadilly, into the parallel, as a compliment to my friend Cr-j-n, who resides there. But as Sophocles says, "Περσικον," in the house from speaking Greek, I'll be cursed if I don't give all my Greek, in gratitude to the yellow club, if they will support me at the next election.

B-LGR-V-.

her, with their cloaths hardly pinned on, and, in a short time, she had her fore parlour full of old and young. After hearing her dream with minuteness, they all agreed that she must be with child of something prodigious and superior to the common race of mankind. But their opinions were trivial, and not worth recording in history, excepting one Miss Phenomene, † a young lady of great understanding, and who was remarkable for wearing blue stockings.

After she had put her finger on her lips, and peeped slyly into Mrs. Hocus's

† *Phenomene* was a virgin, who sat first on the Delphic tripes, as a prophetess. As I am ignorant of her wearing *blue stockings*, I shall endeavour to be informed of my *L—d S—ndw—ch*, who has always been very curious in every thing relative to Grecian beauty, and classic virginity. But I rather think this is meant as a compliment to some of the female literary club here, who wear blue stockings:—Perhaps to Mrs. M—nt-g—, who must have, *probably*, been then a virgin.

J. H. T—K—.

Hocus's tea-cup, she declared, " That, the Corinthian order having been, among the Greeks, sacred to Vesta, the child, if a girl, would live and die a virgin ; and, if a boy, would never know woman ! She then asked if there appeared, as in the monument, crevices in the fluting from the bottom to the top ? Being answered in the affirmative, she said, " It was a proof that the day-light of reason would be admitted into the child's bosom, as soon as born ; and that the beams of crafty knowledge would shine so strong into its mind, as to warm its understanding into the deepest cunning, even while in infancy."

Then Miss Phenomene enquired, if her monument had a gallery and golden top ? This question being likewise answered in the affirmative, she replied, " The golden head indicated, that her child would command a crown ; and that the gallery was a sure presage that, its head being high,

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however it might totter by being always among the clouds, the gallery would prevent its falling low, even if it were to be cut off by the blast.

Mrs. Hocus was then asked if she recollected a door at the bottom of her monument, which she did, but continued, that it was without lock or key; and that, consequently, no one could get to the stair-case within. Miss Phenomene commented upon this, with her usual acuteness, by saying, "That the door being without a lock, foretels a very great blessing to the unborn; while the stair-case within is a sure proof of the heart being hollow, will it not be a great happiness to this future prodigy, that no one can get in there to discover the hidden secrets on the inside?"

"The chinks then, too, are of double advantage, by not only admitting reason, crafty knowledge, and cunning, at the most early period, to polish itself;

self; but their openness will deceive all into the pleasing idea, that its heart, and all its deep designs lie open to man; when the truth will be found, by those few who have sagacity enough to look for the door, to examine carefully what may be written within, that although there is a door, it is without even a key-hole to peep through; and that its sound is both loud and empty.

“ As to your pillar, madam, as it must be composed of stone, iron, and wood, it shews that your child, in its nature, will be cold, hard, and firm as a stone; that it will, with an iron hand, command its crown; †

I 2

and

† This seems to me to be a *fling* at the most excellent R-g-ncy *bull*; during the *discussion* of which I was *verra* prudent, in *hauling* my *tongue*, to prepare *myself* for a *fresh offer*, if the *oots caum* in. But when I *saw* that my S-v-r--gn was *get:ing better*, (whom *Heeven* preserve for ever on Britain's throne;) I then *bellowed* against *aw* the opposition in the *hoofe*, as *load* as a *sand-*
man's

and that the wooden door, without the key-hole, represents the head of John Bull, who will long be kept by your child as blind as a mole."

Miss Phenomene said, she had but one question more. She wished to know, if there was any writing by way of entablature on the base.

There were only three letters, Mrs. Hocus answered, as entablature, V I R—Bless me, exclaimed Miss, I am puzzled, indeed, to divine this!
The

man's ass, when he is scolding his *maister* for *staying* in a gin-shop. *Bully Putt* had need to preserve the *croon* with an *iron hand* from *Laird Noarth*, and his *crew*, who first gave me *breed*; for if he did *na*, *bee Heevens*, these *scoondrels* would drive us *aw oot*,—*uneet* the *blude royal*,—and drive the *excise* to the *Deel*; which would *mauk* the *peepil* too fat and rich, and destroy the liberty of the subject;—that is the *liberty* of such subjects as we are, from treating those *rauga-muffins*, the *peepil*, as we please.

H. D-ND-S.

The sex of the child, I foresee, will be doubtful. *Vir* surely means, if we divide the English word *virgin*, that it will be half a virgin. But if we, more properly, suppose these letters three fifths of the Latin word *virgo*, a language in which most entablatures are written, it augurs that the child will be three fifths a man, and two fifths a woman; consequently, although man will be the predominant quality, it will have a great deal of the chaste purity, and the pure vindictiveness of the woman.

“ Some may insist, indeed, that by *vir* only being on the entablature, it is the substantive noun, and means, that it will be a man of strong natural parts; but I think it more natural to imagine, that nature was writing *virgo*, and that her hand was arrested by fate in the middle, deeming it more proper, perhaps, that this prodigy should be neither man nor

woman, but a mixture of both, in order to know the caprices of both, and to walk so upright as neither to lean to, nor even to be attracted by either sex.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXII.

Of Mrs. Hocus's Longings.

EVERY one present admired the fanciful and sagacious divination of Miss Phenomene, in interpreting the dream, which affected Mrs. Hocus not a little. The usual nine months passed without any particular incident happening that is worthy of recording, save that she longed to eat printed leaves of books; and she actually swallowed more, during that period, than some considerable cheesemongers have used in a twelvemonth. * Cromwell's life she devoured

* The satirical fellow of an author could not, as was reported, mean my shop. Have I not had *M-j-r Sc-tt* in my pay for these three years past, for *supplying* me with *waste paper*? and, notwithstanding he is so very ready with his pen, sometimes he could not *fulfil* his contract,
in

devoured in a month, and Machiavel's Prince only lasted her a week ; but her time was chiefly taken up in chewing a large library, as valuable as Mr. Newberry's collection, which she gulpt down, gilt covers and all, with great keenness.

in time, without calling in the aid of several other men of *great talents*, like himself ;—such as *H-rry B---f-y* and *L—d Ab-ngd-n*, to whom I have, indeed, been already very much obliged ; for neither *their works*, nor the *M-j-r's* ever lie long upon my shelf, but have a very rapid run, and are soon thumbed and soiled with greasy fingers, like all other works that are perused with avidity.

Mr. C-P-L, ch--se-m-ng-r to
L—d H--D.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXIII.

*Of the Birth of young Hocus, and the
Prodigies that attended it.*

THE morning at length arrived, when Mrs. Hocus was to bring forth her Corinthian pillar of two hundred feet in length. The story of the dream having got wind, all her neighbours wished for the delivery, and a sight of this master-piece of nature. Her pains were neither long nor severe, when the accoucher handed a slender child to the nurse, who immediately exclaimed in rapture, that it was not altogether without its father's mark !

It was observed by Miss Phenomene, when Mrs. Hocus was taken in labour, that a flight of jackdaws perched upon the ledge of the bed-chamber

chamber windows, and chattered very much ; while an owl, which had come down the chimney, decked in a pie-bald coat from the foot, walked gravely up to the baby-linen in a basket, on which it rolled itself; and, after crossing the bed, and flapping its wings, it marched out of that room into the next, where Dr. Maniac * was sitting, and fixing its talons in his wig, it went back with it to the bed, and laying it above Mrs. Hocus with great deference, flew up the chimney, and disappeared. The servants in the kitchen remarked, when making the caudle, that it turned immediately to froth, nor could their utmost care keep it in a solid state, at any time during the straw month. These omens were very favourably interpreted by
Miss

* Maniac means me. For the story about the *owl* and the *wig*, which is not *altogether* true, I shall vindicate myself in another place, and in another manner.

ADD-NGT-N.

Miss Phenomene, who declared, that the infant would be gifted with a volubility of words ; while the owl typified its wisdom, the wig its future honours, and the froth, that its eloquence would be adorned with all the foam of oratory, without being overburthened with any of the strong particles of its solidity.

The nurse, after putting on her spectacles, and examining with a prudent eye into the sex of the child, on looking up to his face, screamed out, that he was born with a night-cap on his head ! upon examining it more closely it was perceived, that he came into the world with a caul on, on which was written in very small, but legible letters, with a crow-quill, in Bribewell's † own hand, the outlines
of

† By instinct, it strikes me that this must be
S-r R-b-rt W-lp-l- ; for I am pretty well assured, nay I know it, that a great many of his
own

of all his corruption, with particular instructions for the child, and the true mode of pinching John Bull and his tenants at home, by not allowing them to move one drop of liquor to their lips, without his first sucking it; nor to smell, funk, nor mash any quantity of the *dried dock leaves* which are brought from his Western farms, without he has previously a squeeze

own M. S. S. were *purchased* from an *old servant* of his, by a *certain* friend of mine, before we got into power, among which were the *gradual progressions* of a *general excise scheme*. We have much *improved* upon Sir Robert's *tobacco-bill*, in many respects:—To instance but *one*,—that whereas Sir Robert's *allowed* an *appeal* from the *excise officer* to the *circuit-judges*, ours allows no such thing, by *which* we shall soon knock up *all juries*, as our *scheme extends*; and keep the citizen at his business, instead of being in a court of law, that he may be *inured* to *confinement*, previous to the *deprivation* of his liberty. Sir Robert was certainly never equalled in *bribery* and *corruption*, but by *ONE*, who is too modest, in *this note*, to mention his name.

G. R-S.,

squeeze of it; and indeed, in time, not to do any thing, however harmless, or however necessary, without being first pressed and pinched pale by the retainers of this infant, before they were suffered to gratify their wishes or their wants.

This wonderful caul was taken off by Dr. Maniac, who by this time had recovered his wig. It was intended to serve the elder brother of Hocus in future, when he was to rival Neptune, without so much as ever seeing salt water, unless in shedding a brackish tear † at his own want
of

† This appears to me to be a satire against the *first L—d of the adm-r-lty*. It is clear, that the writer is wrong in asserting, that my L—d Ch-th-m never saw *salt water*, but in his *tears*. Has he not likewise seen it often in his *urinal*? not to mention his being over the Atlantic, fighting against the liberties of mankind, where he had many opportunities of extracting the salt-water tears of the brave, when in the fangs
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of knowledge in handling the trident. §

When the Dr. had stripped off the caul, and the boy (for so I must now call him) was well washed in vinegar, by his mother's desire, instead of brandy, the nurse tied his great toes together, to prevent, as she thought, his being straddle-footed; but this rendered him afterwards pigeon-toed, which all the art of his dancing-master

of his fellow-soldiers. *He must consequently know a great deal about salt water.*

H-W-.

§ There is no occasion for the first L—d of the adm-r-lty knowing the *log-line* from the *lead-line* of a ship; or the truncheon from the trident; so long as I, who have failed to where the freezing words dropped out of my mouth in *isicles*, am at the board. D—mn me, if I do not remember of sailing, one night, so near the pole, that *the ship ran foul of it!*

M-LGR-V-.

master could not cure. || He was then swathed in a piece of swanskin, which had been part of an under petticoat that Mrs. Bull used to wear, when she took it into her noddle to defile her husband's bed.

As the Spartans laid their new-born children upon shields, from a superstitious idea, that such a position would insure their future valour; so, young Hocus being intended for a deputy, his head was replaced

K 2

in

|| It is wonderful how any allusion could be made to me in such a book as this; but I must acknowledge that I had the honour of giving *lessons* to Mr. W-ll--am P-tt and his brother J-m-s. W-ll--m certainly turned *in his toes*, like a *shoe-maker*, in defiance of all I could urge; but his brother J-m-s moved very gracefully. This was the same J-m-s P-tt whom L--d R-dn-y promoted to the rank of post captain, in the West Indies; which generous act, I have heard that his brother, L--d Ch-th-m, has lately repaid by a *breach of his word*, in not promoting his L--th-p's son to a ship, because the noble L--d voted that the *Pr-nc- of W-l-s*, during the *incapacity of his father*, ought to be *more powerful than P-tt*, and *greater than the Great Seal*.

A. W-LLS.

in the caul, and he was laid upon the memoirs of Richlieu and Mazérine.

The boy, it was observed, when he saw the light, did not behave as other children do, by lamenting the visible certainty of his existence. On the contrary, he looked up with a sort of confidence at the nurse, and his first contortion was a smile, seemingly approaching to a sneer, as he opened not his mouth but his nostrils. Miss Phenomene, who had then entered the room, observed upon this, that, like an alligator, he would soon enough open his mouth to the terror of man, by swallowing every thing that came in his way.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXIV.

Of young Hocus's Diet.

HIS childhood was marked with many singularities that are hardly to be believed, were they not very well attested. He was not a month old, when he could give signs for every thing he wanted. Having but a weakly habit, and very unaccountably disliking the breast, he was ordered asses milk by the Dr. of which he grew so fond, that it was not thought proper, for many years, to wean him from it.

As he could walk in less than a twelvemonth, his dry-nurse used to take him to the valley where his wet-nurse boarded and lodged; and the poor creature knew the child so well,

and shewed such a partiality for him, that she would leave a thistle half eaten, then come galloping and braying, and lie down by his side. Without fear, Master Hocus would seize the bubbly of his foster mother, and suck with great eagerness.

Whether or not this afs was as good an orator as Balaam's, is not now ascertained; but certainly she was very peculiar in her tones. She not only vociferated the *he! ho!* with vast rapidity, and a clear articulation, though somewhat nasal, but her powers of voice were strong and impressive. It is conjectured by the learned, that the first rudiments of intonation which Master Hocus received, was from that long-eared lady; and, allowing for the difference of organization between an afs and a man, if we weigh the pompous and grave monotony of young Hocus, with the solemn sounds which he is said to have admired in his foster-mother, there is some room
for

for such a conjecture; nor should this incident be treated lightly by the censorious.

If he was suckled by an afs, were not Romulus and Rhemus suckled by a wolf? As the milk of the wolf made these youths valiant, so the milk of the afs has, no doubt, made our hero wise and eloquent.

Besides asses milk, Master Hocus shewed an early predilection for every thing that was four. He would prefer a crab-apple to an apricot, and verjuice to tokay. *

His nurse taking him, one day when she went to see a relation of hers, an oil-man in the strand, the boy almost killed

* This is a most *daumnable* lee, as *Bully Putt* is very fond of B---f-y's *homebrewed* Hungarian tokay, and will *stand* to the *claret bottle*; if he will *stand* to *neething else*, as well as I can do, provided you are always *praising* HIS GENERAL EXCISE PLAN.

H. D-ND-S.

killed himself, before she left the shop. He devoured pickled cabbage and cucumbers, like any starved taylor; and few jars in the shop escaped his fingers.

Besides acids, he was very fond of froth, and the only way in which he could drink wine in his childhood, was in a whipt syllabub; ice creams too, because they were cool, and frothed at top, he delighted in; and was so far an Irishman, that he doated on butter-milk and flummery, which was his chief food, if we execept pease-pudding, which was indeed his standing dish.

C H A P. XXV.

Of the early knowledge of young Hocus.

HE was soon noted for a certain species of sagacity, which is vulgarly called cunning. He was not three years old, when he swallowed a ring of his mother's, that his nurse might be blamed and turned off, because she would not allow him to feast upon a pot of pickled barberries.* It is certain that he knew the alphabet long before he could speak, as he could actually point out the letters of his name, before he was eleven months old. For this early skill in literature, he

* I remember very well the *story* of the *pickled barberries*; but as to his *swallowing a ring*, it is a most gross falsehood, as vile an untruth, as the *report* that was spread abroad, when my *child* was made *speaker*, that he came into the world *with a tye-wig on!*

he was indebted to Dr. Maniac, who knowing his predilection for pease-pudding, had all the alphabet printed on different cards, which being placed before the child, when hungry, the Dr. would put a tea-spoonful of the pudding, mixed with vinegar, on H, and then ask the child the first letter of his name; Hocus would eagerly point to the pudding, which having swallowed, another bit was put on O, the second letter called for, and so on through the other three. He was soon so expert at picking out the five letters of his name, even without the lure of the pease pudding, that he was accounted, and justly too, a prodigy for his age.

C H A P. XXVI.

Of his early and wonderful Oratory.

HE no sooner began to prattle, than he was taught to read, which he could do to admiration at two years old. In two years more he had read Tom Thumb, Jack the Giant Killer, and several other histories of great men; and, before he was twelve, he had made considerable proficiency in the classics, as well as in Valentine and Orson, and the seven champions of Christendom. But his greatest delight was in hearing himself talk: And so fond was he of circumlocution, that a sentence of ten words he could extend to an hundred, without being guilty of tacking the smallest part of a new idea to it. He searched the Dictionary for words of great length, pompous sound, and
little

little meaning, such as *notwithstanding*, *peradventure*, &c. and when these failed, he supplied their placee with adverbial compounds, as, *in regard to that*, *any how or other*, *thereafter as it may be*, and other phrases equally verbose.

Here and there, it is true, he would scatter a word of significance as well as sound, in order to bind his language together, as bricklayers mix hair with their lime: Of this kind, the words were the longest that could be found, and commonly would terminate in *tion*, such as *annihilation*, *anticipation*, *conglomeration*, &c.

He was partial to no dramatic piece but one, which he always carried in his pocket. It was not more on account of the sublimity of its stile, that he admired it, than the wonderful length of its title, which was *Chrononhotonthologos*.* He often lamented

* This is a most egregious lie. He is well known

mented the brevity of his own name, Hocus; and wished he had been christened after that mighty monarch, or rather after his chief staff officer, *Aldiborontiphosscophornio*, as his was longer, by four letters, than that of his Sovereign, the General's containing as great a number as there are in the whole alphabet.

By the time he was was fourteen years of age, he beat the famous Drury-lane penny barber, at the Robin-hood, out of the field of argument, by throwing monosyllables at him as thick as hail-stones; and, when the poor shaver begin to think for a reply, he would so stupify and blind him with smart volleys of pollysyllables, as long as one's arm, that, as the Hibernians phrase it, he generally bothered him all to nothing, in less than an hour.

VOL. I. L His

known to be particularly fond of *Heautontimerumenos*, written by Terence or Tacitus.

P--L L- M-S-R--R

His first speech at coach-makers hall was a master-piece of the pathetic and the terrible. The subject was Mrs. Bull's quarrel with John's Western tenants, and an enquiry into Trusty's conduct in that affair. He defended the deputy in such a manner as drew both the tears and the plaudits of his learned auditory, in abundance. A gentleman present, who analyzed his oration, has informed me, that the secret springs, by which he touched their feelings at will, was by no means from any force of reasoning or glaring imagery, but from a choice selection of fine-sounding words, that affected them like soft music. To explain, continued the gentleman, when Hocus said, "*The saline distillations of a tear must here drop from each sad, soft, social, sympathetic soul, like the celestial dew!*" he spoke the sentence in such a slow and grave monotonous manner, as set all the hearers a weeping. But when he described the cruelties committed on
both

both sides, with these epithets, in his remarks on them, "*That they were not homogeneous, but heterogeneous, multifarious, pestifarious,—an abomination by the creation of detestation, and merciless massacres multiplication,*" he made all the audience shudder and tremble, like willows in the wind, at *his reflection*, though not one of them were affected at *his description*!

C H A P. XXVII.

Hocus becomes a Favorite with Mrs. Bull.

OUR hero, when he reached the age of manhood was employed by Mrs. Bull, and crept into great favour with John, by pretending to join Blunt, in the attempt of allowing him to choose a wife every three years, instead of being pestered with one for seven, * to the great

* The immaculate m-n-st-r, my *namesake*, most assuredly *joined F-x*, when he came into p-rl--m-nt, in the scheme for shortening its duration, by amputation: But he very properly *betrayed his principles*, when he became m-n-st-r, as he found that *his plans* could be no more made *palatable*, without the *rotten boroughs*, than a *double Gloster cheese* is reckoned palatable, without its being *a little rotten at the core*. As I am *one of the members* for the the city of *Gl--c-ft-r*, I could not pay a better compliment to my constituents, and display my own talents, than to
hoist

great injury of his affairs ; for John always complained that his wives became so covetous and unruly the last four years of their lives, that they did as they pleased, in spite of his teeth.

Young

hoist in a *double Gloster cheese* by way of simile to the British *p-rl--m-nt*. For is not this old *p-rl--m-nt* like a *rotten double Gloster*, (without any offence to a *D-k-*, as I mean only a cheese,) more ways than one ? In the first place, is it not *double* ? In the second place, is it not *rotten* ? In the third place, is there not *yellow mould* in it ? I mean the *tr--f-ry*,—not to mention the *yellow club*.—And is there not a *blue mould* in it too ? the *blue and buff*. In the fourth place, is it not full of *maggots* ? And, fifthly and lastly, does not all its *riches* turn to *mites* ? I mean, *mites* for the use of the *members*, some of whom cannot even be contented with these *mites*, but they must have *large slices* of it, forsooth, into the bargain ! I have, myself, a *maggot* for a *slice*, but I cannot obtain even a *mite* yet, as I was promised ; therefore it is a very *hard, dry, poor, double Gloster* to me, as I despair of *yellow mould* enough from *G--rg- R-f-*, to make me ample reparation.

J. P-TT.

Young Hocus, at his entrance into Mrs. Bull's house concealed a great deal of craft, under the veils of meekness, modesty, and a seemingly strong love for John's real welfare. Slyboots, in taking him by the hand, considerably improved him, too, in the arts of polishing his insincerity with strong pretensions to morality; and in over-reaching his competitors, by undermining them.

To give any more traits of Hocus's character, in this place, would not be proper. It will be more pleasing to order, and agreeable to truth, to point them out and display them, as they arise in the events of his life, than to anticipate them here. The historian is sensible, that in this sketch of his hero's boyish years, he has past over in silence most of his prejudices and partialities. But they being of a private nature, such as a rooted aversion to
the

the female sex, † a strong desire for all puffed pastries, as well as froths, a strange inclination to blow up, besides himself, frogs, toads, and blue-bottles with straw, and many other peculiar propensities, it is better that they should escape unnoticed, unless any of them shall be found afterwards to be connected with his public conduct, among which his attempting to cuckold John Bull will appear very conspicuous in due time and place.

Hocus, therefore, having in vain endeavoured to overcome, at that time, the chastity of Mrs. Bull, when Dr. Slyboots had been discharged by her; our hero, after
he

† D-nd-s says, that his aversion to females is *not rooted*: It may be so; but if even *it were rooted*, I am positive, there would then be an *end* to his aversion.

L-DY W-LL-C-.

he had tempted her for forty days, without effect, was obliged to leave her to her favorites of the day, Trusty and Blunt, who appointed Faultless, as is mentioned before, to be her physician and the steward's deputy.

C. H. A. P. XXVIII.

A Word or two about Faultless.

AMONG all John's tenants, Faultless was, perhaps, the most unexceptionable. To a complete knowledge of farming and figures, he united great diffidence, and such easy unaffected manners, untinctured with spleen, haughtiness, or passion, as made his company very agreeable to every one. He had a very nice sense of his duty to the well-meaning steward: It was subservient, however, to his extreme love for John, which was so pure, steady, and strong, that no turbulent moments could render it violent, nor no accidental fluctuations diminish it. Faultless was, besides, so very prone, on all occasions, to soften the asperity of jarring talents; he took such a pleasure in the collecting, and in the combining

combining of various virtues ; so loth was he to divide men ; so eager was he in reconciling them, for their own welfare, and the interest of John, that, by his persuasive sweetness of temper, he seemed born to keep worth and ability in the social links of private friendship and public virtue.

No wonder, then, that Trusty and Blunt recommended Faultless to be deputy ; for his whole portrait was so masterly, that his opponents, when they attempted to detract from its merit, were obliged to confess its goodness ; and they could only enviously add, that the tints were weak, because nature had not drawn it in strong deep lineaments of an etching, but had admirably finished it with the delicacy of a crayon.

C H A P. XXIX.

Earwig frightens the Steward.

THE steward was certainly very much chagrined at being forced by Mrs. Bull, to employ Faultless, Blunt, Trusty, and their assistants, as his deputy and clerks. In his early days, it was a blemish in his education, taught him by his mother, and *Jack-booto*, * Earwig's old master, to prefer deputies of the spaniel kind to those of the mastiff.

Unless

* This must be *J-hn E-rl of B-t-*, who was formerly, *when I was a patriot*, governor of the *subterraneous passage*, keeper of the *dark lanthorn*, usher of the *back-stairs*, nocturnal steward of the closet, purveyor to the heart, yeoman of the mouth, and leader of the hand. If I were not in a hurry to finish the *romance* I am reading, (for now I am fond of *nothing but romances*,) I could say a great deal more.

C-MD-N.

Unless a man, they said, was so pliant, supple, and groveling, that he would, at command, open his eyes, or shut his eyes, sit up, lie down, (besides telling lyes,) turn and twist, and suffer himself to be trampled upon, kicked, and cuffed, the greater his abilities, the greater would be the danger, and the more would be his faults.

Now there was not in all this group one man gifted with such a lowly meek forbearance. Earwig, and his secret cabal, therefore, knew, that if they now put maggots in the steward's ear, the new-comers would be sharp enough to discover them, and stubborn enough to endeavour to pull them out, and shew them to Mrs. Bull and John. They therefore set all tongues to work, to keep John's blood in a fret at Trusky and Blunt's reconciliation; and they kept instilling into the steward's brain a very irritating idea, that tortured greatly the good man, whose disposition was already much soured.

Because

Because they could not now work upon him with the same safety and success as formerly, before Trusty found them out, they roundly told him, that a set of fellows were forced in upon him, by Mrs. Bull's intrigues, who would not allow him to hop, step, or jump, but when they pleased, and as they pleased. These fellows, added they, will turn you all topsyturvy, and throw you out of the window, if you dare say nay. They will tie your hands behind your back, and fasten you by the heels to them, besides padlocking your tongue, and pulling your wig over your eyes; so that you shall neither be able to walk, talk, strike, or see.

A great deal more of such stuff was said to him, which, when Earwig perceived that it made a strong impression on his imagination, he followed it craftily up.

C H A P. XXX.

The ordeal of Hocus.

THE first thing he set about then, was to turn his eyes around for a successor to them, who must be a tool that had some talents, without any pride; and audacity without shame. Dr. Slyboots, Earwig thought, was too unmanageable and stiff; Backstairs was too gummy and unwieldy; and, although he admired Hocus's vast suppleness, he was afraid that he was too slippery to hold. He accordingly, as prudence directed him, tried each separately, as Astley would a tumbler. *

Dr.

* By the ridiculous postures into which the acrimonious author has here thrown three great men, he most *disloyally* endeavours to satirize *abject* humility and *blind* obedience to the arbitrary will

Dr. Slyboots with ease put his feet upon his neck, like a taylor, and could crawl upon his belly like a toad, and croak petty well, too; but he was too stiff for many postures, although he could bend tolerably, and bear trampling upon without squeaking.

Backstairs was next tried, whom Earwig found to be so unwieldy, that he could do nothing, but crawl upon all-fours. However he discovered such a willingness to pliancy, and was so well pleased when Earwig trampled upon him, besides, although heavy, his step was light, and his croak as fine as Garrick's stage-whisper used to be, that he was afterwards employed as *bearer of the dark lantborn*, and *whisperer* extraordinary from Earwig to the steward.

M 2.

During

will of our most gracious S-v-r—gn, who is undoubtedly *Heaven's viceroy*; and is *no more accountable* for his *actions* to *man*, than I am, for mine, to the *Use of Man*.

ATH-L.

and b—ed his eyes, if it was not real poison, sour as vinegar!" as it certainly was. Hocus having stuck to vinegar, as his beverage, in order to keep him lean and active for this ordeal.

But it was in the *snake-twist*, that he discovered the pliancy of his body the most, he appearing as if in every inch there was a joint, while he twisted up and down like an eel round a basket.

Earwig then put a very large dried leaf to his mouth, which the tenants use in three different ways, and Hocus destroyed it instantly, by the venom of his tongue. ‡

He

‡ I gave my master and commander, the god-like pr-m-r, a very good reason why he should not exc-s- tobacco, which the satirist here glances at, by the dried leaf; as it would raise it in price, and by that means drive the seamen to chew all the SPUN-YARN; perhaps even the very cables.

He afterwards took some large sheep-skins, on which John, a former steward, had written an agreement with John Bull, in a large field near Staines. § Hocus's tongue not only pierced

bles they would convert into quids, to the great detriment of the navy, as G—rg- R-f-, who was once clerk on board a transport, must know. But my advice, like my election, was set aside!

H—D.

§ This is a most invidious and cruel stab at our heaven-born m-n-ft-r. *Magna Charta* he adores. But as the scripture says, *He that spar-eth the rod, hateth the child*, why should he not scourge it with the *Exc-s-* rod which he has in pickle for it? If he would take my advice, by Heavens, for *I am not a Quaker now*, I would reduce it, and the *B-ll of R-ghts* to ashes, swallow them in my vinegar, as *Cleopatra* did the pearl, (though *she* did not use my vinegar,) raise a *mausoleum* to them in my own breast, as *Queen Artimesia* did, when she gulped down her husband's ashes; make a new *M-gn-Ch-rr-* and *B-ll of R-ghts*, of my own, without judge or jury, and command an act to pass, to keep an annual holyday for ever, in memory of the deed!

M. B---F-Y.

pierced easily through them all, but they immediately turned black, crackled and curled up, as if a fire had destroyed them. This was so astonishing, that they all three came from their lurking places, to applaud Hocus, and they joined Earwig in setting up a solemn quartetto in his praise.

He was then pinched by the nose, pulled by the tongue, and kicked violently in the breech, by them all, which he bore without making a wry face. Several other severe pinchings were made use of, particularly by the steward's wife, which he stood to admiration. Hocus was then asked, if he could lie under the burden of them all four at once, which he did upon his back, in this manner: Earwig got upon his left hand, and the steward's wife, covered by a veil, on the right hand, whom Earwig supported with both his hands; Grumblegrowl took the left foot, and gave the steward the

the right foot, whom he firmly supported, at the same time swearing in a low key, " That it was d——tion rascally in giving the steward only one of the *feet* to stand upon, he should have stood on the *right hand*, G——d b——st me, if he should not." These were Grumblegrowl's precise words, which, although coarse, ought to be recorded in a history that professes nothing but truth.

They were all supported by Hocus with considerable steadiness, for some time, particularly the steward's wife, who, by reason of her veil, could not be seen, but seemed firm as a rock. The steward, however, soon tottered much, and Grumblegrowl too; nay Earwig once fell off, although the lady remained firm all the time, owing, as 'tis thought, to the particular attention paid her by our hero, but it was certainly a violation of his nature to support or be supported by a female.

In

In their endeavour, however, to get down from the elevation in which Hocus held them, Grumblegrowl tumbled upon the belly of Hocus, which brought the steward fouse upon him; this disconcerted our young hero so much, that both Earwig and the steward's wife, after tottering a little, fell too,—she fell upon the top of all; Grumblegrowl roared most vociferously, “G—d b—st ye,” the steward cried “G—d help us,” Earwig bawled out he was smothered, while the sharp-sighted female coolly exclaimed, “*There was no danger, as she was* UPPERMOST, *she would take care of them all!*”

The extraordinary weight which fell plump upon one part of Hocus, forced the pease-pudding, which he had swallowed that day, to operate in a manner not altogether the most agreeable: It had such a sudden effect on the olfactory nerves of Grumblegrowl, that he threw off his burthen in a moment,

moment, as easily as a dray-horse would throw an infant; and, after bl—ing his eyes, if his nose had ever come in contact with such perfumes before, he took the steward up in his arms, and ran out of the room, leaving the lady and Earwig to shift for themselves, to whom Hocus made an apology of seven hours for the accident, in words of ten syllables,—and so the matter ended.

C H A P. XXXI.

Of the Beginning of Faultless's Deputyship.

FAULTLESS and his friends entered upon their duty with a zeal and alacrity that pleased Mrs. Bull, and was even agreeable to John himself. Sir Roger Bold wrote John a congratulatory letter on the occasion. This caused Mrs. Bull to exult much, as it was all her doing, and John was flattered by Sir Roger into a compliance with her humours, though, as the earwigs were always meeting him, as if by accident, at taverns and ale-houses, and setting him against Trusty and Blunt; in his cups, he would now and then grumble at the reconciliation, but he would always add, that he must be in the wrong, as Sir Roger thought it was
for

for his good, and the knight understood trap much better than he did.

John had a very rich manor called *Elephant-park*, which he had let upon lease to some wealthy farmers, whose overseers had many years been taking off every fixture, and harrassing the poor tenants, to the great injury of John's character, as well as his fortune. The farmers, so far from turning off these overseers, or being any wise angry at them, used to run snacks in the booty.* Several regulations had

* All this invective about *Elephant-park*, is clearly respecting *Ind--*. The writer hints too, at least gives us to understand, that, in the *next volume*, he will go greatly into *Ind-- affairs*, consequently *my master*, and I, his *faithful squire*, will probably be *handled*. But, as *Sancho* says, "Let every man take care how he writes or talks of other men, and not set down, at random, higgledy pickeldy, whatever comes into his noddle;" for, if he says any thing ill of me, I'll ring him such a *peal* in the *papers*! and if the *paper-mills* do but *supply me fast enough*, I'll drive him *senseless* in a month, by my *pamphlets*,
VOL. I. N and

had Mrs. made to prevent, or at least punish them, but all to no purpose; like lottery insurers, they always found a loop-hole to creep out at.

Trusty, Blunt, and Faultless, however, laid their heads together, in order to prevent such disorders in future; and their scheme, at first, was not only pleasing to John, who hates all villainy, but the steward likewise appeared so fond of it, that he recommended it very warmly to Mrs. Bull, when she came to town for the winter. *

Earwig,

and prevent him from ever scribbling again, if he dare but be hardy enough to read them all *with patience*, through and through.

J. SC-TT.

C-v-nd-sh-sq--r-, F-tyg-r.

† The m-n-stry of that day certainly communicated their plan, of *new-modelling* the *Ind--government*, to a great personage, who not only approved of it *in private*, but recommended it *strongly* in his *speech* to p-rl--m-nt. The morn-
ing

Earwig, when he heard the particulars of the Elephant-park plan, rejoiced much, as he foresaw something in

ing on which I *secretly* was informed of the conspiracy against the WHIGS, which was some days before it was ripe, I met with a very ludicrous incident. A *tenant's daughter of mine*, who was at a *boarding-school* at *K-nsingt-n*, was ordered by her mother to wait on me, about some papers, respecting the renewal of her lease. The mistress of the school, it seems, learning that her charge, (who was very pretty, but very rusticated,) was to wait on a *D-k-*, instructed her how to behave to me, and adding, among other particulars, when I approached her, "You must say nothing but *your Gr-c-, child.*" I was at breakfast, *by myself*, conning over the Ind-- news I had just heard. when this girl was introduced. But I had no sooner told her to sit down on the *sopha* opposite me, than *she fell on her knees*, and ejaculated in a very sweet tone, "*For what I am about to receive, the LORD make me truly thankful.*" I was thunderstruck, until an explanation took place; which was, that she had conceived the mode of addressing a *D-k-*, to be by *saying her grace before meat*! I never laughed so heartily in my life, as at the joke; and, after detaining the girl for half an hour, over some chocolate, she took her leave, *in great confusion.*

GR-FT-N.

in it, which, if properly handled, might frighten John out of his wits, as well as the steward. The only thing wanting to assist him in his manœuvres, was the affections of Mrs. Bull. Earwig, however, did not despair of seducing her, she not being over chaste, as it is well known she had been seduced more than once before.

It happened that Ratcatch, who was pimp to the steward, was still attached to Trusty. The first thing, therefore, that Earwig did, was to prevail on the steward to gain him over, which was soon accomplished. Ratcatch, in a long conversation with Earwig, about debauching Mrs. Bull, explained to him, that nothing was more easy, as she was a lewd woman, and very prone to change.

As Hocus was a young man who had never known woman, Ratcatch thought that she would not be against
yielding

yielding up her person to him, as in that case, it would be only bartering virtue for virtue.

He begged of Earwig, while he instructed Hocus in his courtship, that, as she was a meer Danae to the steward, he would ply her again in the character of Jupiter ; which was done accordingly, as shall be seen in the next volume, as well as the mode in which Hocus got at length to her bed ; and when in the very moment he swore to her that he would prove his manhood—He did prove his manhood—but it was, by stabbing her, with a—poinard to the heart !

These events, and many more very interesting ones, besides the steward's sickness, and his sons treatment by our hero, shall be found recorded in the ensuing volume, with great truth and minuteness, and in a manner, too, that shall challenge all contradiction.

END OF VOL. I.

